

SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1874.

THE EDITOR cannot undertake to return, or to correspond with the writers of, rejected manuscript.

LITERATURE.

Life of the Right Honourable Spencer Perceval. Including his Correspondence with numerous Distinguished Persons. By his Grandson, Spencer Walpole. In Two Vols. (London: Hurst & Blackett.)

RIGHTLY to appreciate a biography of this description we must be intimately acquainted with that long and wearisome labyrinth of ministerial intrigues which makes the end of George the Third's reign so much resemble the beginning. A brief sketch of the state of parties at the date of Mr. Pitt's death may help our readers, perhaps, to gauge the justice of our criticisms on Mr. Walpole's book, but we can hardly hope to make them interesting to any but that class of political students to whom no kind of literature ought to be unwelcome which throws light upon the mysteries of party.

When Mr. Pitt retired from the King's service in March, 1801, it was not supposed that Mr. Addington, who succeeded him, would ever develop into a rival. But a little brief authority had its usual effect upon a person of common-place abilities. In a very little time he began to assert his independence. His personal popularity aided in the work of self-deception. And the result was a growing breach between himself and his former leader, which was greatly widened by the injudicious sallies of Pitt's young protégé, Mr. Canning. The seeds were sown at this time of a lasting enmity between Canning and the new Prime Minister, afterwards better known as Lord Sidmouth, of which it is hardly too much to say that it is the key to more than half the political complications of the next twenty years. At length when ten years afterwards it became absolutely necessary that Pitt should return to office, Addington retired in dudgeon, and refused to join the new Administration, under the impression that between Pitt and Canning, and one or two others, he had been a very ill-used man. The bulk of the Tory party resumed their allegiance to Mr. Pitt, though they still continued to cherish a lurking regard for Mr. Addington, who was not quite so far above themselves or their own prejudices as the superb son of Chatham. But a small section of them continued to regard him as their leader, and only supported the Ministry as far as he permitted them to do so. Thus at Mr. Pitt's death two years afterwards, the Tory party stood as follows. First there was the section which had never ceased to look up to Mr. Pitt as the real head of the party, and had only tolerated Addington as a necessary stop-gap. Secondly came those who, though thoroughly loyal to the great Minister, and aware of his intellectual superiority, preferred nevertheless the domestic policy of Addington, as much as they preferred the man. Thirdly came the small band of downright Addingtonians, who

looked upon their chief as a statesman of the first rank. After Mr. Pitt's death the two last named sections again became one party, greatly outnumbering the small remnant—the remnant who had not bowed the knee to bigotry, and were called “the friends of Mr. Pitt.” Of a party thus constituted the natural leader was evidently no other than Lord Sidmouth. But he lost credit with his followers by joining the Whig Ministry of 1806, though he did it at the King's desire. And his positive determination not to sit in the same Cabinet with Canning alienated some of those Tories who were not prepared to sacrifice the public welfare to personal antipathies, however much they privately endorsed them. As Sidmouth was impossible, and as the bulk of the party would only have followed Mr. Canning with extreme reluctance, a neutral Minister was pitched upon in the first instance; and the Treasury was committed to the Duke of Portland, the head of one of those families who felt that all they owed to the English Revolution was now imperilled by the French. This being settled, the next question that arose was, who should lead the House of Commons. Two men only had any pretensions to the post. One was Mr. Canning, the other was the subject of these volumes, the Right Hon. Spencer Perceval.

Mr. Perceval, the second son of Lord Egremont, was born in 1762, educated at Eton and Cambridge, married early a Miss Maryon Wilson, of Charlton, in Kent, became the father of a large family, and settled down for some years as a hard-working Chancery barrister. He obtained a seat in Parliament, through the interest of his mother's family, in 1796, where he speedily distinguished himself as a debater of peculiar talent, and, in 1801, Addington was thought to have been extremely lucky in securing him as solicitor-general. He soon afterwards became attorney-general, and served under Mr. Pitt in his second administration. He belonged to that middle-class of Tories whom we have already described, whose reason made them follow one statesman though their sympathies lay rather with another; and who, after the death of the former, preferred the *entourage* of Mr. Addington to the more brilliant *entourage* of Mr. Pitt. In point of abilities there could, of course, be no question between Mr. Canning and Mr. Perceval. In Parliamentary rank Canning was greatly the superior. But he and his were regarded with jealousy and suspicion by the majority of the country gentlemen, who did not relish his pleasantries, and who, now that Mr. Pitt was removed, saw no reason for condoning them. The King was of the same opinion, and Mr. Perceval became chancellor of the exchequer and leader of the House of Commons, while the services of Mr. Canning were secured by the bribe of the Foreign Office. It is at this point that the really onerous part of Mr. Walpole's task commences. With a view to subsequent transactions in which his grandfather was involved, Mr. Walpole may have thought it necessary to paint the share which Canning took in previous ones, though Mr. Perceval was but distantly connected with them. The vindication of Perceval from many of the charges

under which his political reputation has long been staggering, depends to some extent on shaking the credibility of Canning. In fact the fame of the one has to be established at the expense of the other. And we cannot, therefore, blame Mr. Walpole for introducing at considerable length the episode of Canning and Lord Castlereagh, since if all can be proved which has been laid to the charge of Mr. Canning in this memorable transaction, his appearance in the witness-box on any subsequent occasion need alarm no one. But Perceval himself took personally but a very small share in the discussions which followed the discovery of what is called Canning's intrigue; and in the mysterious miscarriage of the arrangements with which it was connected none whatever. We shall content ourselves, therefore, with observing that we have found nothing in these volumes to shake our belief in that version of the story which is, on the whole, favourable to Canning. It was observed at the time that both Canning and Castlereagh were Irishmen. *Manent vestigia ruris*, said Lord Wellesley. By which it was meant that nobody but Irishmen would have thought it necessary to burn powder over the business. Neither, therefore, shall we. Castlereagh had a right to feel aggrieved; but Canning was not the real offender. Canning had a right to feel aggrieved; but he could not challenge the real culprit, for the best of all reasons that to this day he is unknown. The fault lay between the poor old Duke of Portland and Lord Camden, and there it seems destined to remain. For the benefit of those who wish to enquire any further, we will merely add that the best account of the whole matter is to be found in the *Annual Register* for 1809, which may be compared with another very good one in Lord Colchester's *Diary*, vol. ii. p. 220.

Our readers must always bear in mind that Mr. Walpole's *Life of Perceval* is less a biography than an *apologia*, and that it, therefore, of necessity dwells mainly on those public incidents on which the waves of controversy still continue to beat like the breakers on a distant shore. The main object of the volume seems to be to clear the memory of the statesman from the aspersions cast upon it by Napier, Lord Wellesley, and others who make him answerable for all that want of energy in the conduct of the Peninsular War, of which in its earlier stages Wellington so bitterly complained. Canning laid the blame on Lord Castlereagh, and when afterwards by Canning's importunity Lord Wellesley was installed at the Foreign Office, he laid the blame on Mr. Perceval. Canning and Wellesley were the two firebrands who gave the Cabinet no peace. And as they were personal friends they have generally been looked upon as one in their criticism of Ministerial policy. Mr. Walpole would naturally feel that in damaging the credit of Canning he was damaging the credit of Wellesley; and that if the one was proved wrong about Castlereagh the public would more readily believe that the other might be wrong about Perceval. This, perhaps, is a sufficient explanation of the otherwise disproportionate tenacity with which Mr. Walpole dogs the steps of Mr. Canning, for the purpose of convicting him of bad faith and double dealing. Except on this hypothesis

we hardly see the advantage of devoting so much space to these now antiquated scandals. Were it proved to demonstration that Canning was the greatest rogue unhung, that would not prove that Wellington had a siege train at Badajos, or that the transports on which his safety depended were not ordered home from the Tagus. Mr. Walpole, of course, has a great deal more to say in defence of Mr. Perceval's policy than simply that Canning was a knave. But he dwells too much upon the point, and too little on broader considerations which are far more relevant to the issue.

The harassing affair of Lord Castlereagh, combined perhaps with some consciousness that he himself was not wholly guiltless in the matter, fairly killed the Duke of Portland. And then recurred the same difficulty about finding a leader which had arisen on the dismissal of Lord Grenville. But the same reasons which made Perceval leader of the House of Commons at the death of Pitt, made him First Minister of the Crown at the death of Portland. No third man was to be found. Sidmouth was disqualified; and after Sidmouth, Perceval represented most prominently that more numerous section of the Tories which now succeeded in stamping its impress on the party, and in converting what had been a mere temporary deflection from its original principles into the main road. At this point—at the conclusion, that is, of the struggle between Pitt's people and Addington's people by the complete defeat of Mr. Canning—the Tory party finally turned away from the footsteps of its second founder and wandered on till it lost itself in the barren desert which lies behind the first Reform Bill. To regain the long disused road, and retrace the half-hidden footprints of the great Tory hero, is the aspiration of some among us at the present day. Nor is it of necessity impracticable. But whether it is realised or not, the accession of Mr. Perceval to the office of Prime Minister must ever possess this peculiar interest in our history, that it marks the point of departure from which the new Toryism, falsely called the old, of the Regency and George the Fourth, started on its own course, proclaimed its own watchwords, and issued its own coinage. One disciple of Mr. Pitt, indeed, joined the Perceval administration—Lord Wellesley. But he found it impossible to get on with them. And though doubtless there were faults on both sides, it is easy to see what was virtually the position of his lordship. Invited and solicited to co-operate with men who were palpably his inferiors in abilities, in experience, and in accomplishments, he joined them only to find himself an object of jealousy and suspicion, and to be snubbed on every possible occasion. Lord Wellesley was too proud and too exacting, and should have thought less of himself and more of his country than he did. But this does not acquit the Ministry, if all said against them is correct, of unwillingness to profit by his counsels, and do justice to his eminent abilities. At this time Lord Liverpool was Secretary at War, and Lord Wellesley, citing for all he said the authority of his brother, was constantly urging him to more extended operations in the Peninsula. According to Lord Wellesley himself, Lord

Liverpool was inclined to listen to him, but was always overruled by Perceval, who said that the thing was impossible. At the same period (1810–11) we find the Duke of Wellington's despatches teeming with complaints and remonstrances against the short-sighted parsimony with which the war was conducted, and the general indifference with which his suggestions were received. As a set off to this, Mr. Walpole produces a letter written by the Duke himself many years afterwards, in which he states that the "King's servants" gave him all the assistance in their power, and pays a high compliment to Mr. Perceval in particular. On this conflicting evidence we can only remark, in the language of Mr. Justice Stareleigh, that if we believe the Duke's letter we shall acquit Mr. Perceval, and that if we believe the Duke's Despatches—why, we shan't. The two, at all events, flatly contradict each other, and it is almost impossible to say now which of them represents his real opinion.

We willingly admit, however, that any man of whom the Duke of Wellington could be brought to say that no "more honest, zealous or able minister ever served the King," stands up before posterity with a certificate to character in his hand, which must at least silence detraction if it does not convince reason. And Mr. Walpole in turn has done good service to history by pointing out the many really valuable qualities which Perceval possessed, and which justified the devotion with which he was regarded by his party. It is always satisfactory to know, for the credit of mankind in general, that those whom it has honoured with its confidence have not been entirely unworthy of it. And whoever rescues a man eminent in his generation from unmerited ridicule becomes a public benefactor. To this praise Mr. Walpole is undeniably entitled. If he cannot prove him to have been a sagacious and far-sighted statesman, he says enough, at all events, to make the jokes of Sydney Smith look very small. And he has shown himself anxious to be impartial by the unfavourable criticism which he bestows on other parts of Mr. Perceval's policy. Indeed, we think he almost goes too far in regretting Mr. Perceval's loyalty to all existing abuses. Abuses, to be sure, possess no intrinsic merit, but they are sometimes like the crust of port wine, and require to be handled very tenderly. Such a time was that quarter of a century during which we were fighting with the principles of the French Revolution. And to say that a man was no "Reformer" when the enemy was thundering at the gates is only to say that he is not such a fool as to try to do two things at once. The worst of it was that the habit of mind, insensibly acquired by the Tory party during this period, clung to them after it was past, and disabled them from judging on its merits any project of Reform whatever.

The general conclusion then on the result of Mr. Walpole's labours seems to be as follows. On the question of the Peninsular War, he has not, we think, upset the verdict which the majority of competent judges have pronounced on the policy of Perceval. The Duke of Wellington's letter may either

express his more mature opinions on the subject, after reflection and enquiries had convinced him that his strictures were unfounded; or it may only express that milder and more sluggish view of past offences which most of us are apt to take when time has robbed them of their sting, and distance has confused their outline. That Mr. Perceval should have the benefit of the doubt is only fair, and to that extent we will allow that the biographer has bettered his position, though, as it is perhaps needless to repeat, the letter is not now published for the first time. With regard to the rivalry between Perceval and Canning, we hope Mr. Walpole will not be angry with us for saying that we think he doth protest too much. Perceval was never accused of attempting to injure Mr. Canning, and as Canning, if he tried, wholly failed to injure Mr. Perceval, less than he has said upon the subject would have served his purpose better. On all other points we are happy to feel justified in saying that he has written very well, and that he has presented us with a picture of his grandfather which, as it is a more flattering, so we believe it to be a more lifelike portrait than those painted by contemporary artists. He shows him bold, prompt, and eloquent, with that practical eloquence which, except for the very highest occasions, is the most effective. With a small fortune and a numerous family, he shows him capable of refusing emoluments which worthier men than himself would have seized without compunction. And, by dint of these and other good qualities, he shows him rising every day in the estimation of both Parliament and the public, up to the very moment of his tragic end, when friend and foe alike combined to do honour to his memory. Since the Reform Bill of 1832 there has been no room in the House of Commons for ministers of Perceval's calibre. But scarce a session passes in which his honesty, courage, and common sense, combined with the rare debating faculty which is said to have distinguished him, would not be found of priceless value.

T. E. KEBBEL.

Les Dernières Années de Lord Byron. Par l'auteur de *Robert Emmet*. (Paris: Michel Lévy frères.)

FEMININE authorship appears to have taken possession of Byron's private life. The mystery that marred it, the shameful imputations that surrounded it, were, some ten years ago, nearly forgotten by all save the ladies with the microscope and scalpel. This select category continued to probe and examine, and the results of their labours have appeared from time to time in the shape of pamphlets with a purpose—*pro* Byron or *contra*. But for the greater part of the literary world, even of that small world that still, like Walter Scott, considers *Hours of Idleness* "very promising," the question of Byron's private sins and sorrows had become an old-world chapter of the Calamities of Authors, when an imprudent American novelist thought fit to vindicate a lady whom nobody had attacked, at the expense of a man whose wrong-doing was forgiven and forgotten. Since that renewal of the *Morning Chronicle*

scandals concerning Lord Byron's domestic circumstances, there has been a redundancy of femineity in the treatment of all facts and fables relating to the monstrous offshoot of well-bred society before whose coffin noble houses closed their shutters in scorn, and the base peasantry doffed their hats in salutation. After Lady Wentworth there has been the Marquise de Boissy—Countess Guiccioli—Georges Sand, and more recently Madame d'Haussonville. The authoress of *Robert Emmet* has, indeed, made Byroniana her spécialité in literature. She has confessedly devoted many years to the study of M^{me}. de Staël's friend and rival—perhaps because he was M^{me}. de Staël's friend; and her opportunities of study have been many and favourable. Commanding, it is asserted, some exceptional sources of information, she had purposed writing a complete and minute biography of Lord Byron, which should have united the two sketches already published—*La Jeunesse de Lord Byron* and *Les Dernières Années*. The first of these two contributions to literary history was chiefly remarkable for a lyric declamatory style, that suggested a composite of *Consuelo* and *Corinne*. It contained nothing new in the way of fact and anecdote, and betrayed a wearisome tendency to elaborate theological disquisitions and moral examples of the folly of infidelity, and the comfort of implicit belief. The second memoir is more ambitious, and, albeit manifesting the same unfortunate tendencies, claims a certain amount of serious attention and excites not a little interest. It deals with the most imperfectly known epoch of Byron's life—that of his stay at Geneva and the last months in Italy, before the expedition to Greece. Mrs. Shelley has produced the best recital as yet of Byron's life in Switzerland; but M^{me}. d'Haussonville does not go over the same ground. Her history of the Swiss residence occupies two-thirds of the volume, and that history is chiefly a chronicle of the relations existing between "Corinne and Lara." Concerning these *dernières années* the authoress has an undoubted right to speak with some authority. She was the friend of M^{me}. de Staël; she has lived at Coppet and ransacked its treasures—the literary relics of the dead Châtelaine—relics which it is marvellous to remember have not yet been given to the world in a complete and connected form. Moreover, M^{me}. d'Haussonville was acquainted with Mr. Hobhouse, and counted Miss Mercier—Comtesse de Flahaut—among her intimates. We may therefore accept the story of the friendship between Byron and M^{me}. de Staël as substantially true, albeit a discursive and somewhat confused style has rendered the authoress's citations of authorities regrettably vague and fitful.

The chief object of the talented and refined but somewhat meddlesome circle at Coppet appears to have been the reconciliation of Lord and Lady Byron. M^{me}. de Staël (as he mentions in his journal) was in the irksome habit of cross-questioning her guest concerning the origin of the separation. Byron was polite and grateful, writes the authoress of *Les Dernières Années*, but perfectly impenetrable—saying laughingly to Pollidori: "Je pardonne à ses terribles

bonnes intentions." M^{me}. de Staël corresponded with members of Lady Byron's circle in London and endeavoured to enlist them in a general crusade against the "separators," as she vaguely denominated the persons of whom Byron complained most bitterly. She also sent him news of his wife, and Byron's answer to a missive containing some such intelligence is one of the most interesting features of the present volume. It was discovered by the Comtesse d'Haussonville in the archives of Coppet, and is dated

"Diodati, August 24, 1816.

"DEAR MADAME.—It was my intention to address you at some length, but my subject has too many thoughts for words. The intelligence which you mentioned came upon me unexpectedly, as my correspondents in England are forbidden by me to name or allude to any branch of that family except my daughter. To say that I am merely sorry to hear of Lady B.'s illness is to say nothing; but she herself has deprived me of the right to say more. The separation may have been my fault; but it was her choice. I tried all means to prevent, and would do as much and more to end it. A word would do so, but it does not rest with me to pronounce it. You asked me, if I thought Lady B. was attached to me? To this I can only answer that I love her. I am utterly unable to add one word more upon the subject; and if I were to add ten thousand, they would only come to the same conclusion, and be as unavailing as sincere. I cannot conclude without thanking you once more for your kind disposition towards me on this—as on other—occasions, and by begging you to believe me ever and faithfully your obliged and affectionate servant,

"BYRON.

"To the Baroness de Staël-Holstein."

With regard to Lady Byron, M^{me}. d'Haussonville professes the most rigid impartiality. Her bitterest words are those which describe Lady Byron as "une Anglaise froide et impassible qui s'enferme dans la stricte légalité." Indeed her history is as impartial as such a chronicle of passionate recriminations, springing from an unknown source, could possibly be. Beside Byron's "Fare thee well" she places his wife's verses as demonstrative of a kindly disposition and a noble mind. The poem is said to have been communicated to the authoress by a friend of Lady Byron's—probably Miss Mercier, who has contributed several anecdotes to *Les Dernières Années*. It should be quoted *in extenso*, for its authenticity can scarcely be doubted considering the facilities M^{me}. d'Haussonville has had for the collection of such unpublished documents.

"A Character.

"O marvel not that she who once could love
So keenly, now should gaze with steadfast eyes
E'en on the withering of her last, last ties.
That strength was wrought by teaching from above.
Each moment of such calmness does but prove
Long years of silent martyrdom survived
Till faith has at its earthly goal arrived,
And hope and fear no passion throbs can move.
Her life was spring and winter! Summer flowers
She ne'er had looked on save in early dreams,
And fancy's world with all its living streams,
That wandered wide through mystic glens and
bowers.
In frozen stillness dwells the crystal bright,
Showing where once the fountain gushed to light."

The rest of *Les Dernières Années* is devoted to needless enquiries as to Byron's catholicism or infidelity; and we feel that the authoress would forgive the poet anything save that

one sin of infidelity. The residence in Italy is lightly passed over without a mention of the Countess Guiccioli's name; and the story of Byron's last days at Missolonghi is entirely similar to the best authenticated accounts.

EVELYN JERROLD.

Vergniaud: *Manuscripts, Lettres, etc.* Par C. Vatel. (Paris: J. B. Dumoulin.)

FOR the student trying to separate the members of the brilliant Girondin group from one another, and to make, at least of the more prominent among them, distinct personalities, Vergniaud is one of the first to come out into tolerably clear outline. He had all the political faults of his party; its want of foresight, its indefiniteness of aim, its incoherent purpose, its failure in energy. But the first of Vergniaud's speeches that one reads—that of the 13th of March, or that of the 10th of April, '93, for instance—reveals in him the greatest orator of the most eloquent set of men known to history. He has not all the reckless impetuosity of Isnard, nor the fiery passion of Lanjuinais, nor the declamation of Brissot. Nor, to go beyond the ranks of his own party, has he either the plausible moralising eloquence of Robespierre, or the pregnant might of Danton. Yet a speech from him was more redoubtable in the Convention, as it is more irresistibly attractive to us, than any other oratory of that most oratorical day. He was the greatest master of true spoken eloquence, as distinguished from literary or bookish eloquence; he had the rare secret of the cadences of spoken prose, which are so different from those of written prose. Robespierre's sentences, fine as they often are, still have the turns, the proportion, the balance, proper to literary composition. Vergniaud has always the ring of the human voice in his words. Then, under the smooth and brilliant outer form, we see the muscle and sinew of a strong athlete. His style abounds with ornament, but the decoration, to borrow the language of architecture, is subordinate to the construction. There is, under occasional floridness of surface, a Demosthenic grip and firmness. Add to this that he has the gifts of directness, penetration, arrangement; of a fine imagination along with a fine sense of measure and proportion; above all, of a noble and disinterested character, constantly suffusing his intellectual faculties with a certain quality of elevation and generosity. Vergniaud would perhaps have been a less interesting figure if he had been greater as a revolutionary statesman. The indolence of which he was accused, his fondness for playing with his friend's children when he ought to have been thinking of a policy and guiding his party, even this is not ungraceful. Unfortunately for him the crisis demanded not eloquence nor grace nor even virtue, so much as coherent energetic action in face of the energetic action of the insurrectionary Commune of Paris. If the Girondins could only have brought themselves to accept the alliance of Danton while that alliance was still open to them—that is, before Lasource's ill-judged attack on him, April 1, 1793—there would have been no insurrection of May 31, and France would have been spared many

ills, including the loss within a dozen months of the truest lovers of freedom and most disinterested men alike of Mountain and Gironde—a loss that left all swept and garnished for the advent of Napoleon. A Vergniaud and a Danton in the Council of Five Hundred, or in the Legislative Body of the Year VIII., would have made a difference. However, it is useless to wonder how some things would have gone, if other things had gone different. When a nation is committed to an achievement as profoundly beyond its powers as the effective transformation of its government was beyond the power of Frenchmen in 1792-3, it is of little use to speculate on the mere superficial occasions which from time to time demonstrated the impotence of the chiefs, even the great Danton included, and the want of sense and steadfastness in the people, not excepting the people of Paris, of whom so much has been said and sung then and since in the highest pitch of lyric extravagance. "How much intelligence in individuals," wrote Barnave in 1792, "how much courage in the mass, but how little real character and calm force!" This was even more true of the Convention than of the Constituent Assembly in which Barnave had sat; it was as true of Vergniaud as of the most brilliant and most obscure among his friends and his enemies. But he is none the less interesting a figure on that account, for those who are touched by what men are as well as by what they do.

M. Vatel, who is known as the writer of an elaborate book on Charlotte Corday and her relations with the Girondins, has not made a very valuable contribution to our knowledge of Vergniaud. But it seems to be a point of honour now to make the discovery of the most trivial document a pretext for opening afresh the widest historical questions, and publishing a large book. One never wishes to speak disparagingly of anybody who takes pains to settle once for all a single point in the personal history of an eminent man, and M. Vatel is a much more laudable person than the author of a book about Anacharsis Clootz, which, though in two volumes, has neither a date nor one precisely stated fact. M. Vatel is not a mere rhapsodist, nor, again, is he one of the swarm of paradoxical writers who think it proof positive of originality and historical insight to dress up some ruffian of the Hôtel de Ville as a statesman and a saint. But he certainly does care about some extremely small things. His reason for giving to the world the two considerable-sized volumes before us, was the discovery in the National Archives of the rough notes prepared by Vergniaud for his defence before the revolutionary tribunal. The notes are the mere frame and skeleton of a defence, filling no more than fifteen of the seven hundred pages of the book. This strikes one as making the edifice slightly out of proportion to the foundation. And one hardly sees how these notes, even with the justificatory pieces which M. Vatel has carefully and meritoriously added to them, really help to set anything connected with Vergniaud or his trial in a new light. Whether you side with Jacobin or Girondin, or take no side at all, it is at any rate pretty well understood now

what each party aimed at, and would have said for itself against the rival party. And Vergniaud neither had nor sought to have any distinction from those with whom he acted. His proposed defence was never delivered, as everyone knows, because Robespierre, now rapidly becoming supreme in the purged Convention, drew up and passed the decree empowering juries who found themselves sufficiently informed to stop the trial without hearing more of the defence. This decree was passed on the 8th Brumaire; the next day the jurymen in the case of the Girondins declared themselves sufficiently instructed, and the Jacobin leaders were saved from the risk they might have run if Vergniaud and the others had been allowed to defend themselves. The notes which M. Vatel has found and printed for us only show, that Vergniaud's intended points were naturally points in a defence before a legal tribunal accustomed to the precise interpretation of words and the careful measurement of evidence. Of course the revolutionary tribunal was not of this kind, and the Girondins, if they had obtained a hearing, would only have been acquitted by an appeal to the sympathy or passion of their hearers, and not by a mere argumentative defence. Vergniaud's notes have this element of interest: they show, what might have been supposed on other grounds, that his greater speeches were not of the nature of improvisations, but rested on a carefully prepared foundation of logic and fact.

These notes, however, are only M. Vatel's excuse for going into the whole of Vergniaud's life. He gives us an engraving of the house at Limoges in which Vergniaud was born, and takes a good deal of trouble to settle the spelling of his name, which appears variously as Vergniaux, Vergnault, Vergniaulx, and Verniot. Even the official register of his baptism gives it as Verniau. M. Vatel, at much pains, sought the register of the marriage of the orator's father and mother, which he gives us in its integrity, and which settles the orthography in favour of the accepted form. Then we have the catalogue of Vergniaud's library, just as Dr. Robinet has been at the pains to transcribe for us the catalogue of Danton's library. Vergniaud had exactly the sort of books which a Bordeaux advocate, with a turn for gallantry in his leisure hours, might have been expected to have—a good law library; a novel or two and some song-books of the period, more or less licentious; a few classics, and some history. English literature only contributes Ferguson's *Essay on Civil Society*. Of the French destructive philosophers of the century, not one. Then M. Vatel prints a large number of Vergniaud's letters, but they were mostly known before, and tell us little more about him than the list of his books does, except that he was painfully short of money, until the assistance of a brother-in-law enabled him to qualify himself for practice at the Bordeaux bar; here he soon won success, in spite of the indolence of temperament which M. Vatel, in a very feeble way, tries to disprove. It is no new thing for the oratorical temperament to be associated with indolence. Danton, for instance, when his outbursts of energy were spent, used to sink into long periods of something

almost like stupor; and in our own day, it is no secret that the "fiery Rupert of debate" was one of the most indolent of men, while the most eloquent of living English political orators has proved one of the most inactive of officials. Vergniaud's letters are mostly scraps written in a hurry, with the familiar excuse that the post is just starting, and that he will say more next week. They do, however, give us a graphic notion of the scandalous disorders and delays in the administration of justice on the eve of the Revolution, arising from the perpetual conflict between the Parliament, or local tribunal, and the central authorities at Versailles. Four times in ten years the Parlement of Bordeaux suspended the administration of justice on trivial pretexts of outraged authority, and its chiefs seemed to have spent half their time on the road to Versailles. Those who ignorantly suppose that the eighteenth century in France was an epoch of despotism, will be surprised to find a provincial body addressing Louis XV. thus:—

"SIRE,—Ce n'est point sur des *serfs* que vous regnez, mais sur des *francs*; c'est sur des hommes qui trouvent dans leur dénomination même le titre sacré d'une liberté légitime. Ce n'est point sur la force qu'est fondée votre puissance, c'est sur l'amour et sur les lois," &c. (Vatel, i. 211.)

This was not in 1791, mark, but in 1771. Several passages in Vergniaud's letters show the prevalence among the people around him—that is, among the professional people and bourgeois—of that spirit of fretful and jealous insubordination which is much more hurtful to a nation than any particular government can be. (See, for instance, vol. i. p. 117.) The disputes of which he tells the tale, between the Parlement of Bordeaux and the Government, illustrate the truth of Tocqueville's observation, that such quarrels were nearly always on the ground of politics, and not of administration. It was, as he says, the legislative power, usually in its bearings on taxation, for which the two adversaries fought—a power to which the central Government and the local judiciary had each of them as precisely little claim as the other.

Of course Vergniaud's prominence began with the meeting of the Legislative Assembly in the autumn of 1791. A year after that the monarchy had fallen by a *coup d'état* of the Faubourgs (Aug. 10, 1792); the same process which, a few months later, purged the Convention of its Girondin members (May 31—June 2, 1793). It is curious that Vergniaud, writing to his brother on September 16, 1793, says not a word about the memorable massacres in the prisons. He does say, however, that he has been "si tourmenté, si accablé, si malade," ever since the beginning of the month, and that the exhaustion of his moral forces makes him wish he could honourably retire from public life. He declares that he would retire if he did think he might be of use in resisting "some scoundrels whose projects I know, or at least suspect." In this resistance he proved the weaker, and the "scoundrels" cut off his head thirteen months afterwards.

M. Vatel raises the ordinary points of discussion connected with Girondin history. Were Vergniaud and the Girondins respon-

sible for the Tenth of August? Was the insurrection of the Thirty-first of May to be vindicated on the same principles as that of the Tenth of August? Could the Girondins have kept their majority in the Convention in spite of the Paris mob, if they had been more courageous? Why did not Vergniaud answer Robespierre's tremendous apostrophe, "Oui, je vais conclure, mais contre vous," &c.? Why did Vergniaud condone the insurrection by his motion that the sections had deserved well of the country? M. Vatel discusses these and the rest, but without any novelty of suggestion.

J. MORLEY.

Wonders of the Yellowstone Region in the Rocky Mountains. Edited by James Richardson. (London: Blackie & Son.)

A GLANCE at a map of North America, even of the most modern date, will show in the line of the Rocky Mountains and between the 44th and 46th parallels of latitude a blank space indicative of an unknown region. It is the point where three of the great rivers of North America, the Missouri, the Columbia, and the Colorado, take their rise, and lies close by the track of the pioneers, Lewis and Clarke, who traversed the continent from east to west, and traced far towards their sources most of the chief branches of the two former rivers. They omitted, however, to follow up one important tributary, the Yellowstone, and thus just missed the discovery of one of the most remarkable regions in the Western continent. The head waters of the Yellowstone, too, are but a short distance to the north of the emigrant road to the Great Salt Lake, and to California. At first sight, therefore, it seems strange that the existence of a country abounding in natural phenomena of the most striking kind, as this has proved to do, should not have become known, and have long ago attracted the footsteps of some of the numerous enterprising travellers of the Far West. And yet it remained unvisited and apparently unheard of until within the last few years.

The fact that this curious region escaped discovery so long is to be explained, no doubt, by the peculiarity of its situation and surroundings. The basin, in which the head waters of the Yellowstone take their rise, lies 6,000 feet above the sea, buried in the recesses of the Rocky Mountains, hidden from view, and shut in on every side by huge mountain barriers of from 8,000 to 10,000 feet in height. Some of these are absolutely impassable; others to be penetrated only by obscure and difficult passes. On the north the Gallatin Range; on the east the Snowy Range; on the west the main chain of the Rocky Mountains; on the south the Wind River Mountains, a snow-clad barrier which no white man has ever crossed. And thus begirt with natural ramparts, this valley of marvels remained hidden from the eye of man until gold was discovered in the neighbouring territory of Montana, and the irrepressible "prospector" found his way there, and returned with strange stories of burning prairies, of hot spouting springs, of great lakes, and a valley in which whatever entered it was instantly

turned to stone. Rabbits and sage-hens, even Indians, were standing about there like statuary among thickets of petrified sage-brush, whose stony branches bore precious gems—diamonds and rubies, sapphires and emeralds by thousands, as large as walnuts.

These and similar reports, which became rife in the mining districts, induced Col. Reynolds, of the U.S. Engineers, to make an attempt to reach the scene of all these wonders. Endeavouring, however, to enter by the south, he encountered the invincible Wind River range of mountains, and found his way barred by a vertical wall of basalt, rising to a height of 5,000 feet, and without visible pass or cañon. The head waters of the Yellowstone lay immediately beyond, but the traveller was compelled to turn aside and attempt to enter by the west. Here, however, the deep snows, still unmelted in June, baffled all the efforts of the party, and Colonel Reynolds was compelled to return unsuccessful. This was in 1859, and no further attempt to explore the head waters of the Yellowstone appears to have been made until ten years later, when, in 1869, a small party succeeded in reaching the Yellowstone Lake. In the following year an expedition was despatched from Montana under General Washburn, the Surveyor-General; and in 1871 General Sheridan, commanding on the Missouri, despatched another expedition, organised with all the scientific completeness which the United States Government never fails to give to such enterprises, under the direction of Col. Barlow, of the Engineers, and Dr. Hayden, the Government geologist. The reports published by the officers of these expeditions have furnished the material from which Mr. Richardson has compiled his book. He has succeeded in producing a very readable volume—too much, perhaps, in the style of a guide-book, and garnished with descriptions of scenery somewhat overstocked with superlatives. These passages are chiefly quotations from the original accounts, and their authors may be pardoned for declaring, amid the excitement of the new and wonderful scenes which burst upon them, that each was of its kind the grandest and most marvellous in the world. The volume is illustrated by two good maps and numerous wood engravings of less merit.

Each of the later expeditions, profiting by the unfortunate experience of Col. Reynolds, sought a passage through the encircling mountains on the northern side, up the valley of the Yellowstone itself. This route led them sometimes down into deep and precipitous cañons, sometimes up the steep sides of lofty mountains, and through trackless forests beset with fallen timber; but they succeeded in forcing an entrance into the central basin, and found their toil and enterprise amply rewarded by the plenty of a land abounding with fish and game, by scenery of great beauty and grandeur, and by the discovery of wonderful natural phenomena, which bore out in rare degree the travellers' tales which had led them there. There were the geysers with hot springs and mud fountains innumerable, the great lake, petrifications (limited, however, to trees and butterflies), and even the precious stones,

although neither rubies nor diamonds, nor emeralds.

The whole district was carefully explored, surveyed, and mapped out by the scientific members of the expedition. One of the most unique scenes upon which they came was on Gardiner's River, a tributary of the Yellowstone; a group of hot springs in active operation interspersed with stagnant lakes occupying the craters of extinct volcanoes, and covering an area of several square miles. These are situated on a mountain-side, which, for nearly a mile, is covered with white incrustations resembling a frozen cascade. Small streams, flowing down this snowy field, run in channels lined some with varied tints of red, some of yellow, some of green, brilliant as the brightest aniline dyes, and forming an exquisite combination of vivid colouring and most delicate hues. The waters run down this richly-painted slope step by step into a succession of some hundreds of natural basins of all sizes and depths, with margins beautifully sculptured and scalloped, ornamented with exquisite bead work, and beset with stalactites from the dripping of the lime-impregnated water.

The Yellowstone bursts through the mountain chains which encircle its sources by a succession of profound chasms or cañons of from 800 to 3,000 feet in depth. In some of these are mighty walls and pillars of basalt like those of Fingal's Cave and the Giant's Causeway; in others gigantic columns of volcanic breccia, some resembling towers, some spires of churches, while others "shoot up lithe and slender as the minarets of a mosque." At two points where walls of hard basalt cross the chasm, and have resisted erosion, the river dashes over precipices of 140 feet and 300 feet each, in magnificent cataracts.

The Grand Cañon, described as without a parallel in the world, evidently falls far short, in size and grandeur, of the Great Cañon of the Colorado, a chasm whose vertical sides are in places above a mile in depth, where the darkness is that of night, so that the stars can be seen at noon, and inaccessible except at one or two points for the 300 miles for which this mighty gorge extends. From the summit of Mount Washburn, which rises to a height of 10,575 feet, the loftiest of the northern peaks, the explorers had a magnificent bird's-eye view of the whole basin of the Yellowstone, and caught the first glimpse of a phenomenon, afterwards a familiar sight to them, a great column of steam, rising from the dense woods to the height of several hundred feet, in regular successive puffs, and with a roaring sound as of a high pressure locomotive, audible at a great distance. In the further landscape, scattered over the vast expanse of the basin, were others so numerous that the atmosphere was here and there obscured by smoke, and the scene reminded the spectators of the coal and iron districts of the Alleghanies with all the furnaces in active operation.

The Yellowstone Basin is nearly circular in form, from 50 to 75 miles in diameter, about 2,000 feet below the great ranges which form its outer rim, and Dr. Hayden thus describes its geological features:

"The entire basin of the Yellowstone is volcanic. I am not prepared to pronounce it a crater, with

a lake occupying the inner portion, while the mountains that surround the basin are the ruins of the great crater, but at a period not very remote in the geological past this whole country was the scene of wonderful volcanic activity. I regard the hot springs so abundant all over the valley as the last stages of this grand scene. The true volcanic action has ceased, but the safety valves are the thousands of hot springs.

Hot springs of all kinds are found along the Yellowstone river, and on the shores of Yellowstone Lake; but the true geyser region lies in the western portion of the basin, on the Firehole River, a stream flowing into the Madison, another tributary of the Missouri.

The members of the expedition of 1871 were hurrying along the Firehole under the belief that they had quite exhausted the wonders of the country, and anxious only to reach the settlements of the Madison Valley, when they were startled by the sight of an immense column of clear water projected into the air, at no great distance from them, to a height of 125 feet—then another geyser, which they supposed to be merely an extinct crater, suddenly filled and shot up a stream to the height of 219 feet; and further on still others of varying size and power. The two chief of them, the Grand Geyser and the Giant Geyser, are of unparalleled size and grandeur, as far outstripping those of Iceland as the hot springs and mud pools do in number and extent those of New Zealand. Take, for example, the Grand Geyser, which was observed in eruption three times in one afternoon, and is described thus:—

"A well in the strata from 20 to 25 feet in diameter, and when quiet having a visible depth of 100 feet. When an eruption is about to occur the basin gradually fills with boiling water to within a few feet of the surface, when suddenly, with heavy concussions, immense clouds of steam rise to the height of 500 feet, and the whole great body of water, 20 by 25 feet, ascends in one gigantic column to the height of 90 feet; from the apex of this column five great jets shoot up, radiating slightly from each other to the unparalleled altitude of 250 feet from the ground. The earth trembles under the descending deluge from this vast fountain; a thousand hissing sounds are heard in the air; rainbows encircle the summits of the jets with a halo of glory. The falling water plows up and bears away the shelly strata, and a seething flood pours down the slope into the river. It is the grandest, most majestic, most terrible fountain in the world."

The latter portion of Mr. Richardson's volume is occupied by an account of the adventures of Mr. Everts, one of the first exploring party, who became separated from the rest of the company, and lost in the wilds for a period of thirty-seven days. The narrative is written by Mr. Everts himself, who, although destitute of food, provisions, blankets, guns or matches, and his only food the root of a kind of thistle, eventually succeeded in escaping after undergoing terrible sufferings. He tells the story of his wanderings with a circumstantial simplicity which carries with it a strong impression of truth and reality.

Shortly after the discovery of this wonderful country of the Yellowstone, an Act was passed by the American Congress reserving an area of 55 by 65 miles as a National Park, for the benefit and enjoyment of the people, not to be alienated, sold, or built upon for ever. The Great Park lies

indeed at a distance of 2,275 miles from New York. But the Northern Pacific Railway, now in course of construction, will pass close by it; and in course of a few years no doubt the hot springs of the Yellowstone will be as much frequented as the waters of Saratoga.

W. B. CHEADLE.

Poems. By William Cullen Bryant. (London: H. S. King & Co., 1873.)

OF all the poets of the United States there is no one who obtained the fame and position of a classic earlier, or has kept them longer, than William Cullen Bryant. It is fifty years and more since his performances first obtained English recognition in the *Retrospective Review*, and during the whole of that time he has held no undefined place in English esteem. One of the surest if not the most dignified points of vantage has long been his,—a position in those school-room and drawing-room anthologies, whence more people than would care to confess it derive their chief acquaintance with general poetry. The appearance of a new English edition, arranged by the author and containing poems which cover as to their dates of production the whole period above mentioned, gives us a good opportunity of considering, with something more than the languid interest which is too commonly the portion of poems neither ancient nor modern, what Bryant's real poetical merits and position may be.

It will perhaps take a little time, but should not take more than a little, for poetical students fresh from the poetry of to-day to adjust themselves properly to the study of such poems as these. Instead of a style "bourré par l'idée à en craquer," and subjects fetched from all heaven and earth, they will find a singularly simple and straightforward fashion of verse, dealing mainly with one theme and satisfied with that. With the mechanism of his art the poet apparently troubles himself very little, or conceals his efforts very cunningly. There is scarcely a new or unusual metrical effect throughout the book; the language is as little studied as the versification; and the subjects, however various, are generally treated in such a manner as to come very much under one head. But it would be a very great mistake to suppose that these poems, because they lack certain characteristics more or less effective, are either monotonous or trivial. It is a very common error to confound a genuine love of poetry with a mere feeling of gratification at seeing thoughts and feelings which happen to be congenial to us, expressed in a manner which happens to be attractive. It is this latter which makes so many men at five-and-twenty unable to take any pleasure in Cowper or Wordsworth, and so many others at five-and-forty indignant at praise bestowed on Mr. Swinburne and Charles Baudelaire. And perhaps there is no hope of acquiring a perfectly flexible poetical judgment, so long as men confine themselves to the study of one school at a time, at the period when their taste for poetry is at its crudest. It is just then that foils and contrasts should be sought and studied, in order to prevent

the artistic error of supposing that because two styles are different and one is good, therefore the other must necessarily be bad. It would hardly be possible to find a better foil to the poetry of this age than the volume before us—a volume written by a living poet, and therefore of more value for the purpose than almost any product of other times. Used in this way, the book produces very much the same effect as a study of Constable's *Valley Farm* would produce upon one who had just been contemplating Mr. Dante Rossetti's *Hesterna Rosa*, but in a greater degree. For Bryant is a *paysagiste*, or else nothing. All his poems are fashioned to this rule, to display as best may be possible the kindly aspect and influence of everyday nature. In his verse there are no ethical problems, no studies of metaphysic, no displays of passion exceptional or otherwise. His own words in a passage taken almost at random (p. 227) express his creed precisely:

"It is sweet
To linger here, among the fitting birds,
And leaping squirrels, wandering brooks and winds
That shake the leaves, and scatter as they pass
A fragrance from the cedars, thickly set
With pale-blue berries."

And to this creed he is unvaryingly faithful throughout his work. From his earliest poems, the "Waterfowl," the oddly named "Thanatopsis," and the rest, to those of only a year or two ago, he observes his worship of nature with no diminished zeal and no diminished power. Very rarely has any writer preserved such an even level of merit throughout his poems, the absence of any particularly absorbing theme being compensated by the steady attention which he pays to his one subject. Not that there are no exceptions: once or twice a determination to be jocular has seized the poet, as in the "Mosquito" and "Rhode Island Coal,"—verses which may be dismissed with Théophile Gautier's gentle reminder, "Il est permis d'avoir quelquefois de l'esprit, pour prouver aux sots qu'on pourrait être leur égal; mais cela n'est pas nécessaire." The American civil war also, not unnaturally, is noticed in a few pieces, but all such subjects are in a very small minority. It is in such lines as the following (old and often-quoted ones, but pretty enough to deserve reproduction) that the author really delights and really excels. The subject is a morning mist:—

"Look, how by morning rivulet,
It lingers as it upward creeps,
And clings to fern and copsewood set
Along the green and dewy steeps:
Clings to the flowery kalmia, clings
To precipices fringed with grass,
Dark maples where the wood-thrush sings,
And bowers of fragrant sassafras."

Like some other American poets, Mr. Bryant is particularly happy in translation. Many of his performances in this kind—notably the lines on p. 170,

"Stay, rivulet, nor haste to leave,"—

are of singular merit, and, like Longfellow's, are almost better than his originals; a not unusual occurrence with poets of the second rank, though rare—perhaps the solitary exception is Shelley—with those of the first. Altogether there are not many of his countrymen who can be placed above him. Walt Whitman and Edgar Poe, indeed, are poets

of a very different and far higher order, yet the work of neither has the uniform excellence of Bryant, who has had the rare wisdom or good fortune to try nothing beyond his strength, and to produce no single example of slovenly work. He is certainly not a poet for a man of one book, but by a man of many books and of catholic poetical taste he is by no means to be passed over.

A considerable portion of this volume, containing poems written during the last ten or twelve years, will presumably be new to most English readers. Some of these poems, the political ones already alluded to, are of merely local interest, but others are fully up to the standard of the earlier works in execution. Three of them, "Sella," a translation of the fifth book of the Odyssey, and "The Little People of the Snow," are of some length. The first and last are graceful enough *Mährchen*; of the translation it can only be said, as of most Homeric translations, that it is strongly suggestive of Tommy Merton's verdict, in *Sandford and Merton*, on the apple-juice, "It is very sweet and pleasant; but not cider." But the translator who shall give to his version the fermentation necessary to make it Homer, is not likely to appear this year or the next. The two last poems in the book, and therefore, according to the principle of its arrangement, the two last written, are among the most satisfactory, and quotations from each will give a perfect idea of the simple and unpretentious excellence of Bryant's style. The first is entitled "Among the Trees."

"Ye have no history. I cannot know
Who, when the hill-side trees were hewn away,
Haply two centuries since, bade spare this oak,
Leaning to shade with his irregular arms,
Low-bent and long, the fount that from his roots
Slips through a bed of cresses toward the bay:
I know not who, but thank him that he left
The tree to flourish where the acorn fell.
And join these later days to that far time
While yet the Indian hunter drew the bow
In the dim woods, and the white woodman first
Opened these fields to sunshine, turned the soil,
And strewed the wheat. An unremembered Past
Broods, like a presence, 'mid the long gray boughs
Of this old tree, which has outlived so long
The fitting generations of mankind."

The other, "May Evening," well deserves quotation at length, but a cento must suffice:—

"O'er the pale blossoms of the saffrafas
And o'er the spice-bush spray,
Among the opening buds, thy breathings pass,
And come embalmed away.

Yet there is sadness in thy soft caress,
Wind of the blooming year!
The gentle presence that was wont to bless
Thy coming, is not here.

Go, then; and yet I bid thee not repair,
Thy gathered sweets to shed,
Where pine and willow in the evening air
Sigh o'er the buried dead.

Pass on to homes where cheerful voices sound,
And cheerful looks are cast,
And where thou wakest in thine airy round
No sorrow of the past.

And whisper everywhere that Earth renews
Her beautiful array
Amid the darkness and the gathering dews
For the return of day."

This is quiet enough, and no doubt sadly insufficient on the good old "stimulant" theory; but it seems to us that we could

make room on our shelves for a good deal more of it.

To conclude, the get-up of this volume suggests certain reflections. It is eminently "handsomely" got-up. Blue-and-gold covers, red lines round the pages (which lines were well exchanged for a somewhat bolder type), and twenty-four illustrations of the usual kind—which can, it would be imagined, afford artistic satisfaction to no mortal—constitute its attractions. Is it hopeless to look forward to some change in the clothing of (at least) books of poetry and *belles lettres* in England? Surely if a French publisher can send out at the price of three or four francs volumes printed in large type of artistic pattern, on paper pleasant to the eye and touch for qualities other than mere glossiness, embellished with good initial letters, head and tail pieces and the like, and not unfrequently with an admirable etching or two, something of the kind might be at any rate attempted among us. If any enterprising member of the trade would condescend to follow in the footsteps of M. Poulet-Malassis, M. Lemerre, and others of their line, he would take away a serious reproach from English book-dealing, and earn the eternal, and probably not unsubstantial, gratitude of English book-lovers.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

Nancy. By Rhoda Broughton. (London: Bentley & Sons.)

Lucius Davoren. By the Author of *Lady Audley's Secret*. (Maxwell & Co.)

The Master of Greylands. By Mrs. Henry Wood. (Bentley & Sons.)

The Good Old Times. By Harrison Ainsworth. (Tinsley Brothers.)

IN *Nancy*, though it is less successful as a novel than *Goodbye, Sweetheart*, we seem to see rather more clearly than even there what is the kind of power to be looked for from the writer. The slender strain of vigorous, if not very refined originality observable even in her earliest works, written under the influence of the Ouida and Guy Livingstone school, is becoming more definitely apparent; the conventional melodramatic element in her last book was tempered by broadly comic touches, and in *Nancy* the comedy becomes so prominent that we are even spared the infliction of a hero of the familiar type, with iron will, mesmeric countenance, and antecedents of mysterious blackness. The misfortune is, that the supply of even moderately readable novels is so scanty, that any promise of originality in a new writer is welcomed with uncritical eagerness, which seldom allows the promise to ripen into performance. To take the most hopeful view of Miss Broughton's talent, we should say that, if taken care of, it might develop into something standing in the same relation to the highest form of humour as that in which Charlotte Brontë's works stand to the highest kind of tragic fiction. The comedy of situation or incident, which throws no imaginative light upon the paradoxes of human consciousness, has a legitimate place in literature answering to the poetry or romance in which sentiment is the substitute or representative of passion; but it is in danger of degenerating into burlesque or

vulgar farce, unless the writer has some literary conscience, ambition, and a natural or acquired correctness of taste. *Nancy* would be a better book if it did not suggest an occasion for asking that very delicate question, What is coarseness, or vulgarity, in a novel? Coarseness, essential coarseness of thought or feeling, is independent of social or literary accessories; a book written in the purest English may be coarse, and a reproduction of the dialect of coarser mongers refined. Neither *Vanity Fair*, nor *Oliver Twist* is coarse, but one might have been so as easily as the other. We will not go so far as to say that *Nancy* is coarse, but it is certainly not free from the more superficial fault that consists in transferring the feelings or language of one class, age, sex or character to persons of a different class, to whom they are inappropriate, which we conceive to be the most general mark of vulgarity. To begin at the beginning, we are introduced to a noisy school-room full of boys and girls, who are making toffee. Their conversation appears sufficiently lively and lifelike until we compute that their ages vary from twelve to twenty-one; then the toffee appears inappropriate, except as a symbol of a delayed or neglected education. Again, one of the boys is popularly called "the brat," as the heroine explains, "because he is such a brat," which seems conclusive till we gather that this youth, who amuses himself by pinching his sisters during family prayers, is an undergraduate. In the character of the heroine at least there ought to have been no suspicion of vulgarity, for she is introduced to us as a nice tomboy (though, as with the rest of the family, there is a mistake of two or three years in her age), and a tomboy, by the nature of the case, is never unladylike, seldom even ungentelemanly, but has simply the virtues and the vices of other boys. The inappropriate expressions and ideas attributed to her, which give the unfortunate impression that the writer does not know whether her characters are well-bred or not, are partly the result of the autobiographical form; for the touches of broadly realistic description which Miss Broughton cannot resist, and which are inoffensive in the pages of a novelist, are liable to sound coarsely inappropriate when a girl of nineteen is supposed to be speaking in her own character. The story is simple, one of the writer's merits being to dispense with the help of sensational incident. *Nancy*, one of a large family, marries a General Tempest, old enough to be her father, whom she likes in an outspoken childish way. His proposals are freely discussed in the school-room, and her confusion and gradual disgust at "the boys'" heartless insensibility to the gravity of the emergency are very comically set forth. On her wedding journey she meets and snubs, with innocent heedlessness, a Mr. Musgrave, who, for no further reason, falls in love, and supposes his passion returned. In the remainder of the book, which turns upon the cross action of unfounded jealousy on both sides, the character of the heroine is still further vulgarised, because it is a part of the story that the jealousy is entirely unfounded, while the *Nancy* of the first volume, a combination of tomboy and *ingénue*—unless her natural innocence had been corrupted by society, or novels, of a low tone—would not

have had the ideas needed to give point to Mr. Musgrave's malicious insinuations. Since she cannot understand him when he is making love to herself, she certainly would not have understood his suggestions that her husband was doing the like to some one else. Miss Broughton could have made as amusing a novel out of a desperate misunderstanding lasting for a month about a trifle, in which case she would have escaped some inconsistencies and would have had opportunities for displaying quite as much jocular cynicism as her present powers of insight and observation will warrant. It is a transparent blunder to suppose that incidents in fiction are exciting because their counterparts in real life are so; the interest depends upon the extent to which the reader is enabled to enter into the situation, and happily for their peace of mind most people are quite incapable of realising to themselves how it would feel to be murdered, or robbed, or divorced, or revenged, or conspired against, or doomed to any of the other trying destinies of which they read the tale complacently. Miss Broughton might still excite the liveliest sensations of the season even though she were to renounce slang, and to learn from Miss Austen the useful art of knowing where to begin and where to leave off. Of course Miss Austen's unerring eye and delicate touch are not to be borrowed, but she is an especially profitable model for a writer who overlooks the importance of realising exactly what degree of social refinement she means to represent her characters as possessing.

Miss Braddon is another victim to the diseased appetite of the class that would rather read half-a-dozen bad novels than one good one. How excellent a story-teller was spoiled when she took to writing against time, may be gathered from the first numbers of her innumerable serials, which are almost always entertaining and promise a quite Dumas-like variety and vivacity. Unfortunately the most active invention must flag sometimes, and to imagination Miss Braddon makes no pretence, and the dutiful reader has to wade through long passages of mechanical detail, only sustained by the hope, which, we are bound to say, is seldom disappointed, of coming again in time upon something interesting. In work of this kind, success is only a question of the degree to which the curiosity can be kept awake; and in *Lucius Davoren*, though Miss Braddon has educated her public to such a point of acuteness that she can no longer hope to conceal from them for many pages who is who, and what is going to happen to him or her, the lesser question how it is to happen, and by what steps everybody's identity will be made clear to themselves and their nearest relations, is involved in quite sufficiently ingenious obscurity to make, as things go, a decidedly readable romance of unreal life. It is in the mechanical arrangement of the unrealities that we feel the want of more careful workmanship to supply the place of the natural *verve* of the author of *Monte Christo* and *Les Trois Mousquetaires*. The ravelling and unravelling of the plot makes a variety of false starts, and is delayed by episodes which fill a magazine number well enough, but look as if the writer had forgotten to invent a

reason for inventing them. It is a fixed idea with this school that a hero who has not got a crime to detect, a mystery to fathom, a villain to track, an injury to revenge, or a conspiracy to baffle, is not worth wasting ink upon: the triumph of art is to combine all five qualifications; and the way in which Lucius Davoren is differentiated from other heroes equally well endowed, is that all the threads of the intrigue of which he is supposed to hold one end, meet again at the opposite end, after losing their way in Canada and taking a trip to France and South America, so that the ends of poetical justice are satisfied with the execution of a single victim. Miss Braddon hardly takes a sufficiently serious view of the detective business. Like Robert Audley, Lucius is apt to contract suspicions for which he has not been provided with motives, and, a more unpardonable crime, to be obtuse to the significance of circumstantial evidence that the merest tyro of the circulating library could interpret for him. The story is to this effect: Lucius had a sister who ran away from home with a man of whom nothing was known except that he played the organ like a demon; with this clue he proposes to discover the man and avenge his sister. He travels, and is snowed up with a small party in a Canadian forest and in danger of starving. A man joins them who plays the violin like a demon, and Lucius is prepared to recognise his brother-in-law, till the latter assures him he has never been in England. Whether or no, Lucius shoots the musician for having murdered a faithful Indian. Then he comes home and buys an East London practice, and falls in love with a young lady, who will not marry him till he has found her lost father, who is also a musician, and once went to South America. Of course the two musicians are the same person, and the question whether Lucius shot the violinist dead becomes doubly important, because on the one hand it would be inconvenient for him to have killed the father of his betrothed, while on the other hand his friend and Canadian fellow-traveller, Geoffrey Hossack, has fallen in love with the re-discovered sister, so that to have killed his brother-in-law would be an advantage. With the reckless disregard of economy that is the besetting sin of sensational writers the difficulty is got out of twice over, for the musician in the first place was not Lucille's father, and in the second place was not killed, but enlivens the last half of the book with a little burglary and poisoning,—the latter rather too much in the manner of the poisoning in *Monte Christo*,—and does not die till the third volume, when everybody is ready to be made happy by his last speech and confession. In the interests of morality and religion we object to making villains die on the stage at such devout length. Otherwise the book is calculated to give a great many people a fair amount of harmless amusement, unless, indeed, it be a harm to gratify, though without stimulating, the taste for narratives of melodramatic incident. The episode of Geoffrey Hossack's courtship is original and rather pretty.

With the progress of civilisation we conceive fresh developments of diabolical malice. To fill the cup of the calamities of a modern Job, he would have to hear the history of

his woes related by Mrs. Henry Wood: the most patient of men might curse his day under such a trial. We do not so much complain that in the *Master of Greylands* dignified gentlemen defraud the revenue and their near relations with unaccountable impunity for imperceptible inducements; we do not complain that two or three young men seem to have no object in life except to get themselves shot by accident, under circumstances so ambiguous as to bequeath a fund of insoluble problems to their surviving friends; we do not even complain that while the light of the natural detective reason is thus artificially turned to darkness, the unerring guidance of dreams and omens, of broken china and ragged button-holes, is lavishly supplied to everyone who is not likely to be the better for it. But when startling crimes, awe-inspiring visions, and incidents enough to thrill every heart not hardened at Mudie's are to be had for the inventing, we do complain that our expectant nerves should be disconcerted by detailed descriptions of prosaic doings and most prosaic sayings that are ominous of nothing; placid maundering genealogies relating to accessory personages, too insignificant even to have a ghost in their family; or—once for a variety—an elaborate recipe for making pea-soup. It is the combination of platitude and sensation that makes books like the *Master of Greylands* so peculiarly irritating; but even if the two elements could be separated, or some excuse made for their juxtaposition, there is something about Mrs. Wood's platitudes which makes them flatter even than those of the majority of novelists who, having heard that art ought to be true to nature, give appallingly true representations of all they know about nature—namely, how people get up in the morning, put on their clothes, dine, breakfast, and talk about dress and cookery. Now we have nothing to say against realism; other things being equal,—that is, given the lack of original power common to most novelists,—on the whole we prefer those works which aim only at giving a recognisable picture of ordinary life, either to those which indulge in the most unrestrained flights of imagination which the inherent feebleness of that faculty will allow, or to those in which, by a strained interpretation, the possible is made to stand for the real. The reason that Mrs. Wood is not, in her matter-of-fact moods, any more of a realist than Mr. Charles Reade is not the material untruth of her representation. No doubt pea-soup is sometimes talked about in Sisterhoods just as people are sometimes shipwrecked or become insane under very remarkable circumstances; but Mrs. Wood generalises in the wrong place,—in her characters instead of in her incidents. Mr. Charles Reade is quite capable, if he happened to have views upon the subject, of giving a recipe for pea-soup in a novel, but then it would be pea-soup in the abstract, considered in relation to the wants or destinies of humanity; but the Grey Sisters of Greylands' Rest have no reason for discussing pea-soup rather than any other subject, culinary or devotional, and they do not discuss it in such a manner as to convince the imagination of the concrete fact that they really did discuss it on the particular occasion recorded, only of the self-evident proposition

that a sisterhood—any sisterhood—may be the scene of a trivial—any trivial—conversation. As to the incidents: a simple youth turns up to claim an inheritance that he has no reason for supposing to belong to him, though it does; he disappears; his wife comes in search of him, and—a reminiscence of *East Lynne*—takes a situation as governess with the uncle whom she suspects of being accessory to his death. Her attempts at detection are unsuccessful,—firstly, because the uncle has not murdered anybody; secondly, because she is too much afraid of ghosts to visit the place where her husband was murdered, though not by his uncle; and, thirdly, because even if she had visited the place, she would have found no signs or traces of what had happened there. A younger brother of the heir then appears on the scene, with somewhat unwarrantable abruptness, for the rules of the game do not allow the novelist to complicate matters by the cheap device of springing a new character upon the reader at the critical moment, unless its previous existence was veiled in a mystery essential to the plot. However, this second heir when he arrives does nothing to solve the mystery of his brother's fate, except fall in love with his uncle's wife's step-daughter; and the book ends with a confession, instead of a discovery. For the benefit of the curious we should add that we have not told nearly all the story; there is such a great deal of it, that it is really strange that it should never even by accident contrive to be exciting.

In Mr. Harrison Ainsworth's last book, we have an uncle with a strong family likeness to the Master of Greylands, a type as venerable as the babes in the wood, but then "in the good old times" such types flourish by a prescriptive right, and only call up uncritical reminiscences of the days when G. P. R. James had a lofty view of the moral functions of historical romance. But from one point of view, Manchester in 1745 is too modern to fulfil the promise of the title. *Waverley* itself is rather a trial to ingenuous youth, which can by no means understand a hero of romance who half turns, and half does not turn, his coat; while Atherton Legh, the hero of the *Good Old Times*, has not even a coat to turn, but improvises a faint preference for the young Pretender to oblige a young lady, whose own political principles are not too decided to allow of her promising the Duke of Cumberland to be a good Hanoverian if her cousin's share in the insurrection is pardoned. There are two or three pairs of true lovers of different ranks, the ladies being distinguishable, as is usual in such cases, mainly by the colour of their hair and eyes; the young men by the more or less solemnity with which their execution is narrated. Hero number one succeeds to his treacherous uncle's estates, marries his cousin, and lives happily ever afterwards. Of hero number two we have at least the melancholy satisfaction of hearing the last: "As his lifeless body was cut down and placed upon the block to be mutilated, and the executioner flung his faithful heart, which happily had ceased beating, into the flames . . ." There is something plaintive in that *happily*, as if the writer were making a virtue of necessity, but would gladly have told us if he could what the heart felt

when it was being burnt, or what the head thought when it was stuck upon Temple Bar. The best that can be said of the book is, that the topography and antiquities of Manchester have been got up with some care.

Messrs. Bentley deserve much praise and gratitude for one prudent and humane innovation: their novels are sold cut. This is humane in the case of a good book, prudent in the case of an indifferent one; for though there are works in three volumes which not even a self-acting machinery for turning over the leaves could lure the reviewer to the end of, there are others trembling upon the brink of the unreadable which might hope just not to pass the brink if there were no material impediment to their leaves being turned over *very fast*.

EDITH SIMCOX.

Diamonds and Precious Stones: A popular account of Gems. From the French of Louis Dieulafoy, Professor of Physics, Doctor of Sciences. Illustrated by 126 Engravings on Wood. (London: Blackie & Son, Paternoster Buildings, Glasgow, and Edinburgh. 1874.)

WHEN we would trace back to its origin the passion for stones as personal ornaments, we naturally picture to ourselves our barbarian ancestors wandering by brooks or on mountain sides, and having their attention arrested by some little fragment of green stone, or by the fiery glow of sparkling red particles of mineral, to which the water of the torrent lent an artificial lustre.

But the step from collecting such rare and pretty objects to that of finding out how to shape and polish, and bore them for stringing into a necklace or anklet, is perhaps a greater advance in civilisation than even that by which modern arts have learnt to cut and polish the ruby and diamond.

Even to this day the hereditary art by which the Hindoo has known time out of mind how to bore, not merely the agate and garnet pebble, but the diamond itself, is, as regards this last stone, one which the modern diamond worker is unable to imitate.

And certainly if we wished to point to some universal taste or fashion that should serve to illustrate, by the forms in which it has been gratified among different peoples, the civilisation that they had reached, about the last that we should select would be the taste for personal adornment with precious stones. Look, for instance, at the courtly dame conspicuous in and envied for her *parure* of so many thousand pounds' worth of diamonds, displayed entirely without artistic beauty, and so arranged as simply to dazzle with their broken lights; and compare her with the Greek lady of the antique time, with her earrings and necklace of pendant gold, light as gossamer, yet pressed into forms and covered with tracery in which Greek art still breathes: and see with what tasteful handling the accessory of coloured stone is introduced; as, for instance, in the twined gold and garnet of the Woodhouse band in the British Museum.

Who does not feel that the Greek lady had the higher view of what is befitting, that she wore an ornament in which, whatever

there is of the barbarous inseparable from its character, was redeemed by a beauty belonging to art, and independent of mere vulgar money-value? And the same may be said of the goldsmith's art, which is an inheritance of the Hindoo from times beyond the reach of history. Rajahs and Sultans might emulate each other in collecting huge diamonds and getting them polished and faceted, but even by them such exceptional stones were rather valued as rare specimens and costly curiosities representing wealth and power (sometimes of a talismanic kind) than as objects of beauty.

The jewellery of the Hindoo people has always consisted of simple goldsmith's work, truly artistic in its forms, even though wanting in the finest finish, and has often been made the vehicle, either for exquisitely rich and harmonious colour in enamel, or in the precious stones which the enamel imitated. It was generally the colour which gave to the precious stone its charm for the eye, alike of Hindoo and of ancient Greek; the diamond being merely introduced by the former as a foil, so to say, to its brightly-coloured companions, and being like them merely rounded and polished on its surface without any attempt at faceting. Faceting, in fact, though an ancient Indian art, was only applied to the vast diamonds that found their way into the treasuries of great Rajahs, or might be used to adorn a peacock throne.

No doubt improvements in cutting and polishing hard stones by the aid of which the unapproachable lustre of the diamond was first made available for ornament, has led to the modern European fashion of employing the diamond for the purposes of jewellery only in this form; and it is in this form certainly that it is best adapted for these purposes. But the sapphire, the ruby, and the spinel, the emerald and the peridot, the chrysoberyl and the topaz do not need to be faceted to exhibit in perfection their one great attribute of lovely colour; the flash and glare of the facettes only detract from this, while a well-made imitation in paste rivals them at once in lustre and in dispersive energy.

The history of precious stones as ornaments is, however, mixed up with that of another function which they have discharged from time immemorial as the fancied vehicles of talismanic powers.

Half the engraved gems of antiquity were amulets. Bacchanalian subjects are found engraved on amethysts, for the reveller who wore them deemed that his potations would thus be robbed of their sting; and every stone had its supposed virtue, prophylactic or curative, in some one or other of the ills of life, or as coming to the aid of its possessor in attaining his desires.

There are not many people in our generation, however, who would care to learn with what fantastic attributes the caprice and the credulity of superstitious minds in other times may have invested the various precious and other stones that were worn on the person. On the other hand, a good book describing the stones themselves, their history, the localities whence they come, and giving some account of the commerce in them, would be welcome to a considerable number of readers.

a. Several books have appeared in English during the last quarter of a century that have dealt with the subject in one or other of its aspects.

b. Jackson's little volume on *Minerals and their Uses* (Parker & Son, 1849) was the first, and in some respects the best of them, its form being that of a series of readable letters, in which much good material was agreeably put together.

c. Mr. King's well-known volumes were the next contribution to our literature on "Precious and Decorative Stones." They are entitled *The Natural History of Gems and Decorative Stones*, and *The Natural History of Precious Stones and the Precious Metals* (Bell & Daldy, 1867): but why Mr. King gave them the title of a natural history is not easy to understand. They contain, as everything the distinguished Senior Fellow of Trinity writes must contain, a great amount of erudition and much novel matter, but it is where they deal with the subject on its classical and antiquarian side that Mr. King is most at home, and the mineralogist is repeatedly reminded that Mr. King is distinguished as a classical rather than a scientific authority. It is, in fact, as the author of the work on *Antique Gems* (Murray, 1860), and as the rescuator by its means of the taste for collecting the intaglios and cameos of antiquity, that Mr. King fills a conspicuous place among contemporary authors.

d. A very amusing book by Madame de Barneval, entitled *Gems and Jewels* (Bentley, 1860), appeared in the same year with Mr. King's first work. The mineralogical portion of the work is worthless, and inaccuracies in the historical, or rather anecdotal, part of it are abundant enough; yet the way in which anecdote and allusion are strung, or rather clustered, together in its pages may remind one of some of the gorgeous dresses which its authoress describes in and before the days of "Great Elizabeth."

e. In 1865 Mr. Harry Emmanuel, the well-known jeweller, brought out a little volume on *Diamonds and Precious Stones* (Hotten, Piccadilly) that deserves recognition on account of the general, though very far from universal, accuracy of the accounts it gave of the stones employed in jewellery, as well as for some curious matter regarding the Hebrew terms for the stones alluded to in the Old Testament, contributed by a learned rabbi, Mr. Loewe.

f. The book the title of which heads this article, purposes to cover much the same ground as that of Mr. Emmanuel. As the Persian historian commences his history with the formation of the world, so M. Dieulafoy gives in some sixteen pages a sketch of the science of geology, and his book is rather disfigured than adorned by several plates, the bearing of which on his subject is sometimes hardly to be recognised. The opal, for instance, is illustrated by a picture of the Icelandic geysers, which, of the various ways in which opal may be formed in nature, illustrates that which is assuredly about the least probable as a source of the "noble" opal employed in jewellery.

g. A lizard figured in a mass of "amber," page 205, is far more probably imprisoned in a piece of the recent fossil copal from the Zanzibar district.

On the other hand, the work, viewed as a quite popular treatise on the subject, will meet the requirements of readers who only want a little tolerably correct information about diamonds and precious stones. The portions dealing with diamonds, their occurrence, their history, the attempts to form them, and the imitations of them, are the most interesting and best parts of the little volume. The extraordinary demand for this most precious product of nature may be illustrated by one or two facts. A one-carat brilliant of fine water and correct in form was sold at Venice in 1606 for 21*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, and such a one was valued in Jeffries' time—he wrote about 1754—at 8*l.* The subsequent discovery and development of the Brazilian mines had lowered this value very considerably, and the value of 6*l.* put on such stones in 1791 by the French Commission appointed to value the crown jewels is stated by Mr. Emmanuel to have been a higher value than they had been worth before the uncertainties of the period had enhanced the prices of all portable forms of wealth. After the peace the price fell to 4*l.* or 5*l.*, till on the eve of the discoveries in South Africa, it had again risen to from 18*l.* to 24*l.* And yet during the last half century tons of diamonds must have reached Europe from Brazil, the average supply for the ten years previous to 1865 having been above 800 troy pounds per annum. The effect of the Brazilian discoveries must have been very similar to that we are now witnessing as the result of those in South Africa. The smaller diamonds of fine water suffered less in value than the larger stones.

Thus in Jeffries' time a five-carat stone was worth 450*l.*, while the one-carat stone was worth but 8*l.*; but Mr. Emmanuel states their relative values in 1860 to have been 320*l.* and 18*l.* Few jewellers would like to give the former sum now for a five-carat stone of any degree of perfection, whereas the perfect one-carat stone has not fallen at all in proportion to those of larger dimensions.

The fact is, that a very large proportion of the stones from South Africa are a little "off colour," being slightly yellow in their tint; and the proportion of large to small African stones is very much greater than is the case with the mines of Brazil. The externally yellow-tinted stones of Brazil and India generally prove to be perfectly colourless in their interior; whereas a yellow-tinted African stone is yellow throughout. Some of the larger and deeper-coloured of these yellow stones are, however, extremely beautiful, and form jewels of the utmost splendour. The mode of occurrence of the diamonds in South Africa would seem to be remarkable. They are found in the débris of one or more now much altered rocks that once appear to have filled the throats of certain volcanoes, the lavas and whole upper portions of which have been borne bodily away by the devastating influences of geological denudation. How they got there—whether brought up from the inner depths of the earth's crust or formed from hydrocarbonous vapours from the surrounding rocks traversed by this volcanic pipe, or whether they have in some other way been found ready formed in some lower stratum

and been mechanically brought up to the surface with the molten rock driven through the volcanic throat, none at this moment can say, though one or other of these explanations seems forced on us. No doubt, when the geological and mineralogical features of the curious "pans" or hollows in the ground (somewhat reminding one of the Kessels in the Eifel) in which they occur have been more closely studied, new localities will be found in the basins of the Vaal and Orange rivers, and the trade in diamonds will have yet to undergo violent fluctuations.

M. Dieulafoy has recounted with a Frenchman's interest in the subject, and with something of his sanguine interpretation of the results, the efforts made in Paris to form the diamond, and the success of M. Deville in forming elementary boron and silicon; these are, as it were, the next thing to the formation of the diamond itself. We have not space to enter here on this subject, nor on the curious optical enquiry as to the best form in which any particular diamond should be cut. It is a pity that no record has been preserved of Ralph Potter and the other great English diamond-cutters in the early part of this century, who were the best the world has seen.

We may conclude by noticing that the carat, the unit of weight for diamonds, is the karruba or carob bean, and was an ancient weight in the Mussulman world. It was estimated at four barleycorns, each of which weighed six mustard seeds. Another corn divided it by three, and perhaps is the wheat grain represented by our troy grain. The old French ounce, the sixteenth part of the pound, was equal to 144 carats, and to 576 Paris grains, or 472.15 troy grains, the Paris grain corresponding to the carat grain, and the French carat being 3.28 troy grains. The English carat of 151½ to the troy ounce weighs 3.168 troy grains.

N. STORY-MASKELYNE.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

The Amateur's Greenhouse and Conservatory. By Shirley Hibberd. (Groombridge.)

THE colloquial but business-like tone of this convenient little manual distinctly recommends it. There are few things in which there is more charlatanism than gardening, but Mr. Shirley Hibberd writes about what he is practically familiar with, and he will be found a very trustworthy guide by anyone who is anxious to set up a greenhouse. This is not a thing to be lightly undertaken. A great number of those who buy this book will probably attempt personally to carry its precepts into effect, and some of them, no doubt, who possess perseverance as well as leisure, will succeed, and will reap a double pleasure in success. But plants, like tame animals, must be looked after continuously, and nine months' labour spent on a greenhouse is worse than wasted if it is to be followed by three months' casual attention from some deputy of the possessor. To manage a greenhouse successfully is an exacting occupation; but it is one which an immense number of persons are prepared to undertake without a moment's hesitation. These people will buy Mr. Hibberd's book, and he is so far wise in his generation that he does not discourage them. But there are not wanting indications of his opinion that any results worth talking about will not be attained without a good deal of expense, and an amount of toil which will make a transition to the employment of a gardener an easy one if the attempt is to be permanently continued.

Any person, however, who takes an interest in a garden, even without actively intervening in its management, will find Mr. Hibberd's information very useful. No class of skilled workpeople are more apt to tyrannize on the ground of technical knowledge than the subordinate grades of gardeners, and probably none are less justified in doing so except by the more profound ignorance of their employers. Mr. Hibberd's instructions will be found to afford a sound basis for the exercise of very salutary criticism.

Those who wish for personal amusement in conservatory gardening without being wholly tied to it, should try their hands at the cultivation of succulents, or of hardy and Alpine plants. The former can be managed with very little heat, and the latter require, of course, none. In fact, it may be thought surprising at first sight that they should be grown under glass at all. But an immense number of tolerably common plants are wonderfully improved by being grown in pots, and they are brought more under observation than when grown out of doors. Alpines, too, in this way, can usually be made more of than in the best contrived rockery, and they are not liable to be swamped by rain. The chapters on these two classes of plants might have been advantageously somewhat fuller.

Mr. Hibberd mentions—and it is a good instance of the practical character of what he says—that he found the water secreted by pitcher plants to vary with the amount supplied to their roots. This is confirmed by other observations, but he is less correct in stating that the cellular tissue of the pitcher is destitute of spiral vessels, which really abound in it; while, on the other hand, the stomata, which he attributes to the secreting surface, are not to be discovered; but this is only a kind of digression. There are a good many passable woodcuts and some coloured illustrations which are less laudable, and have probably done duty elsewhere.

Bibliotheca Cornubiensis. A Catalogue of the Writings, both Manuscript and Printed, of Cornishmen, and of Works relating to the County of Cornwall, with Biographical Memoranda and copious Literary References. By George Clement Boase and William Prideaux Courtney. Vol. I., A to O. Pp. xii-417. Imp. 8vo. London: (Longman, Green, Reader, & Dyer.) The task which the learned compilers of this valuable book have taken upon themselves is no light one. It is not only the formation of a catalogue of all works which treat of the County of Cornwall, but also of all works written by natives of Cornwall, members of Cornish families and persons resident in the county; and the design embraces not merely books of permanent interest, but also pamphlets, sermons, political tracts, literary and scientific papers, reports of societies, dramas, music, songs, maps, manuscripts, &c.; and further brief biographical particulars of the several authors are given under their names.

The want of such a work has long been felt, and a few years ago the Council of the Royal Institution of Cornwall projected a catalogue of all books, pamphlets, &c., relating to the county, and, having printed preparatory lists, invited the co-operation of all who were interested in the subject. The scheme made, however, little progress, and was finally abandoned when the present compilers commenced their labours.

It is difficult to speak too highly of the perseverance and research displayed by Messrs. Boase and Courtney in the prosecution of their work. They modestly say in their preface that the volume now presented to the reader "makes no pretension to the title of a complete Bibliography of the County" to which it relates. Necessarily many scarce and obscure tracts and pamphlets remain undiscovered; nevertheless, a glance at their well-filled pages is sufficient to show how diligently they have endeavoured to make their work exhaustive. It may, indeed, be doubted whether the introduction, as in some

instances, of mere ordinary deeds for conveyance of land is not rather beyond the scope of a work of this nature, and, moreover, we conceive that the names of some persons who have not contributed anything to the literature of the county—e.g., the brothers Lightfoot, the murderers of Mr. Norway—had better have been omitted. These, however, are errors, if errors they are, on the right side. The work is a very valuable one, not only to natives of Cornwall and those who take an interest in Cornish literature, but to the public generally.

Letters from Jamaica. (Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas.) This is an excellent little book. In its 174 pages the author manages to give his reader a succinct and clear account of what life in Jamaica really is; and enables him, moreover, to gain a distinct impression of the sort of existence which is passed by the negroes. Our author has plenty of humour, and the irresistibly comical side of the negro character has been done full justice to. Some of the negro love-letters are very funny, and the account given at page 97 of planter's legislation between negro litigants is delightful. The Appendix of Proverbs is also most useful in giving an insight into the negro character. It is strange how the same ideas find vent in different languages and modes of expression all over the world. Here is the negro version of the proverb concerning the wind and the shorn lamb: "When cow no hab tail, Goramighty brush fly;" and this is another good one: "Cockroach eber so drunk, him no walk past fowl-yard."

The Ashantees, their Country, History, &c., by A. C. Beaton. (London: James Blackwood & Co.) This is another of the cheap publications that have been brought into existence by the war with Ashantee; and notwithstanding the very sensational picture on the cover, it has really much that, told in a brief, pleasant way, is well worth the reading. It supplies a very general want for easily attainable information about the savage kingdom which is giving us so much trouble. It would have been better if the worthless portraits had been omitted.

Tales of My Dragoman. By W. Amati-White. (London: John Hodges, 46 Bedford Street.) These tales, loosely put together, hardly enable us to judge how far the author is qualified for the pursuit of literature, which, as he tells us in the preface, he considers the noblest occupation in life. They possess that similarity to one another characteristic of all Oriental tales, and the author seems to have caught with sufficient accuracy the trick of investing them with an Oriental halo and colour. We doubt, however, whether they will ever be preferred to the *Arabian Nights*. The small blue volume in which they make their appearance is by far too insignificant to be attractive.

The Bells of Botteville Tower. By F. G. Lee. (Parker.) The matter of this book, at least of the principal poem, is a legend of desecrated bells and a family wrecked and blasted by sacrilege, and would have been more interesting thirty years ago than now. The manner is a compound of Tennyson and the Church Times.

Maud Vivian and other Poems. By Walter Rew. (Moxon.) "The strange and quite unaccountable fact"—we quote from the preface—"in the economy of Nature, that she expends ecstatic impulse too uncontrollable to be deemed fictitious in the production of indifferent verse, must do duty as this author's excuse for coming before the public." Mr. Rew is probably right in thinking that with luck and leisure, and a better furnished imagination, he might have been a poet. *Maud Vivian* is a five-act play; it shows some gleams of sense and humour, though the author's notions of the sublime are coarse. It is to be hoped upon the whole that he may outlive his "ecstatic impulse," though it is a phenomenon which deserves more attention than it is likely to get.

The Child's History of Jerusalem. By F. R. Conder. (Isbister & Co.) Children who learn

history from Mr. Conder will have a good deal to unlearn, as that the Persia of Cyrus was the same country as the Elam of Chedorlaomer, that Christianity was first preached at Rome by St. Paul in the third year of Nero, that the monks of the Thebaid were under generals who lived at Rome, though this is only implied; all which is a pity, as if anybody could teach him to be accurate, Mr. Conder would be a pleasant and skilful compiler.

EDITOR.

NOTES AND NEWS.

AN offer was recently made by a lady to the Library of the Oxford Union Society of the whole collection of books made by the late Mrs. M. A. Schimmelpenninck, while writing the *Memoirs of the Port Royal*. It consists of about 800 volumes of Port Royalist Histories, Commentaries, Memoirs, and Devotional Treatises. In case these were accepted a similar offer was made at the same time by another lady, of bequeathing a large collection of engraved portraits, &c., illustrative of the history of the Port Royal. It was considered, perhaps wisely, by the Union Society, that their library, being merely a lending library of current literature, was not a fit place for such a special collection. The offer was, therefore, declined. But, as Oxford still possesses a Professor of Ecclesiastical History, is there no other library to be found there that can make room for these collections, and so prevent their dispersion?

THE Paper Survey of the Abbey of St. Mary's Winchester, at the time of the Reformation coupled with Ducange, have enabled Mr. Furnivall to clear away all the difficulties connected with Chaucer's Prioress, her Nun-Chaplain, and three Priests that worried Tyrwhitt, and have troubled all Chaucer-critics since him.* The first of these difficulties was how a nun could be a chaplain, because (as was assumed) a chaplain must be a priest, and that a woman could not be. This trouble disappeared on a glance at Ducange, whose quotations show that the *capellanus* was originally the guardian of the *capa* or *capella* of St. Martin—the cloak that he cut in two to give half to a beggar in the cold—that the word afterwards meant "secretary, amanuensis," in which sense it was freely used in French romances; and that later only did it signify what we understand by a "chaplain," a priest, which is its fifth meaning in Ducange. 2. Why did Chaucer, in describing the head of a holy house of nuns supposed to be wholly devoted to the service of God, talk only of her graceful deportment, pretty ways, her sentimentalism, her effort to imitate court style, and be "estatelich of manere?" Because, as the Paper Survey of the Abbey of St. Mary's, Winchester† shows, the prioress was, in fact, the "finishing governess" of the time to a bevy of to-be fashionable girls, "chyliden of lordys, knyghtes, and gentylmen brought up in the sayd monastery," whose most important accomplishments were correct deportment and pleasing manners. 3. Why had Chaucer's prioress three priests with her, when only one, "the Nonnes Preest," told a "Canterbury Tale,"—and one of the best, too, that of the "Cock and Fox?" Because, as St. Mary's Abbey had five priests to look after its six-and-twenty nuns and six-and-twenty young ladies, no doubt the prioress's priory had five priests too, three of whom might well be spared to go a-pilgrimage with their prioress. And as, of the five St. Mary's priests, only one was *Magister*, the Confessor, the other four but "Sirs" (*Domini*), subordinates, the prioress's "Magister" would be especially "the Nonnes Preest," and tell his "Tale" accordingly. Thus, Chaucer is right in

* See Mr. Furnivall's "Temporary Preface to my Six-Text Edition of the *Canterbury Tales* for the Chaucer's Society," p. 92.

† This is printed in Dugdale's *Monasticon*, ed. Ellis, Bandinel, &c.

all points, and his critics all wrong—a most welcome result. The fact that, in A.D. 1537, the five priests of St. Mary's, Winchester, were all called "Chapeleyns" (as like priests may have been called earlier), does not militate against Chaucer's use of the word in its earlier and well-established sense of "secretary" in the French romances that he studied.

MR. WILLIAM A. WHEELER, the assistant superintendent of the Boston Public Library, in the United States, and who is favourably known by his labours on *Webster's Dictionary*, *The Dictionary of Noted Names in Fiction*, &c., has been cataloguing the most complete Shakspeare Library in the States—that of 2,000 volumes—formerly belonging to Mr. Thomas P. Barton, and lately bought by the Boston Library. In the course of this work he has made up his mind to compile "A Cyclopaedia of Shakspearean Literature, designed to elucidate the Biography of the Poet, the Antiquities, Geography, Topography, Political and Natural History, and Bibliography of his Works, and the Lives and Writings of his Editors, Translators, Commentators, and Critics." He hopes to secure the help of the best English Shakspeareans in his undertaking.

MR. HENRY ADAMS is to be the new editor of the *North American Review*, which was founded above sixty years ago, and still thrives.

DR. RICHARD WÜLCKER of Leipzig will edit for the Early English Text Society next year the *Legend of Nicodemus*, with a full account of the different forms the legend takes in the different literatures of Europe.

THE Marquis of Lothian's *Blickling Homilies*, Anglo-Saxon of the 10th century, which the Rev. Dr. Richard Morris is editing for the Early English Text Society, and of which Part I. is just ready, is one of the few dated Anglo-Saxon MSS. in existence. The writer has been dwelling on the evils abroad in his time, "lamentation and weeping on all sides; mourning everywhere, and breach of peace; everywhere evil and slaughter" (*Hom. X.*, pp. 114-16); has been saying that the world's end on Doomsday must needs come soon, only the advent of "the accursed stranger Antichrist" has yet to take place (*Hom. XI.*, pp. 116-17); and then, he goes on, the world must come to an end in this present age, of which "the greatest portion has already elapsed, even nine hundred and seventy-one years (*nigon hund wintra & lxxi*) in this [very] year" (pp. 118-119, l. 2). Dates of this kind are very seldom found in MSS., and are proportionately valued when they do occur. Dr. Richard Morris and Mr. Sweet agree, we believe, in thinking that the MS. was copied once, if not more times, and that this date of A.D. 971 is that of the last copier's transcript. Some of the forms in the text seem older than those in the Alfredian Anglo-Saxon version of St. Gregory's *Regula Pastoralis* that Mr. Sweet edited, from the two best MSS., for the Early English Text Society.

THE Rev. J. Rawson Lumby has also in the press, for the Early English Text Society, two short Anglo-Saxon poems, *Be Domes Dage*, a paraphrase of Bede's *De Die Judicii*, and *Lar*, an Exhortation, how to attain "that blowende rice" or "blooming realm" of heaven.

PROFESSOR SEELEY asks whether the history of the degradation in England of chivalry, in the sense of the profession of knights or fighting gentlemen, before a standing army existed, has yet been worked out? Contrasting Chaucer's knight, the valiant warrior and perfect gentleman, with the knight as seen in Shakspeare's plays, the so-called gentleman whose profession is arms—Sir John Falstaff, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Sir Toby Belch—what a change is seen! The Knight seems to be a needy swaggerer, whose occupation's gone, or nearly so; who lives on the rich men he can get to feed him, and whose followers support themselves by open robbery. The esquire seems

to be of more estate and importance than the knight, instead of being his attendant.

THE strictness with which the right of censure is exercised against the press in the Austrian dominions may be judged by the fact that the day's issue of one paper alone, the *Politik*, published at Prague, was stopped sixty-nine times in the course of last year.

WE learn from Rome that, in obedience to the wishes of Cardinal Antonelli, Father Theiner has declined the post of Chief Librarian to the Order of the Oratorians.

THE Minister of Instruction at the Porte has succeeded in establishing a large public library at Constantinople, the Council of State having at length advanced the necessary funds; and active steps are now being taken to collect and catalogue printed books, which are one of the modern innovations in Turkey, and are only beginning to supersede the ancient use of MSS. The heads of the various schools, monasteries, and mosques are being called upon to furnish complete lists of the MSS. in their possession; and, as some of these institutions are known to contain extensive and choice collections, we may hope to obtain access to some remains of real importance. It is intended to appropriate the ground-floor of the building to a Museum of Antiquities.

A NEW paper, for the special use of subalterns and first-year volunteers in the Prussian army, has been started at Berlin, under the title of *Unterofficier-Zeitung*. Its object is to acquaint the young officer with the name and character of all inventions, works, and theories bearing upon his profession, which are exciting the interest of military men abroad or at home. Politics are excluded, but other subjects which may tend to promote the cultivation of the middle classes, from which the German soldiers are chiefly drawn, are freely discussed.

WE understand that an authorised translation of Auerbach's forthcoming novel *Waldfried*, will be published by Messrs. Sampson Low.

A GERMAN translation by Dr. Höne of Professor Max Müller's Westminster Lecture on Missions, and Dean Stanley's Sermon, is advertised by K. Trübner, Strassburg.

PROFESSOR BOEHMER has resigned the co-direction of the Seminary for Modern Languages at Strassburg University, which he held with Professor Bernhard ten Brink, thus leaving the sole direction in Professor ten Brink's hands. Professor Böhrer still continues his Professorship of the Romance languages.

WE hear that Professor A. W. Ward's work on English Dramatic Literature will not be ready for some months, though he hopes to bring it out this year.

PROFESSOR J. R. SEELEY's work on the great German statesman Stein will probably not be ready till next year.

FREILIGRATH, Geibel, and Höfer have issued an address to German authors in which they point out the fact that no copyright treaty exists yet between Germany and the Netherlands, and that in consequence the reprint of German works, especially of those treating of the fine arts, is daily increasing. Heine has lately, and Geibel and Freiligrath only recently, been reprinted in Holland. German novelists and dramatic authors, likewise, have been for years translated into Dutch, unasked and unrewarded. German authors are now called upon to co-operate with their legitimate publishers in demanding a treaty between Holland and the Empire for the protection of literary property. The authors of the address request German literary men in all parts of the world to combine with them in presenting a petition to this effect to the next German Reichstag, and to address themselves, not later than the end of this month, to F. Freiligrath, Stuttgart.—*Cologne Gazette*.

It is to be regretted that more energy is not shown in improving the National library in the British Museum. It not unfrequently happens that an important book is not to be found at all in the library, and works issued in parts are sometimes left incomplete; when an organised inspection of foreign sale-catalogues would generally supply the deficiencies.

MR. HALE'S edition of Milton's *Areopagitica* for the Clarendon Press Series is far advanced at press.

TEN more volumes of transcripts from the Archives of Venice reached England last week, and were deposited in the Public Record Office. Two contain English translations of letters from Alvise Contarini, ambassador at the court of Charles I., to the Doge and Senate, between October 1627 and September 1628, and are in continuation of letters from the same ambassador, which have been previously transcribed. Two other volumes relate to the descent into Italy of the forces of the "Grand Alliance," stipulated at the Hague on September 7, 1701, between the Emperor Leopold, King William, and the Dutch, against France and Spain. Altogether sixty-three volumes of these Venetian transcripts are now available for the consultation of historical students, and as they have reference to almost every event of importance in English history during the last three or four centuries, they should be included in the researches of every future historian of our country. In addition to the collection of further transcripts, Mr. Rawdon Brown is preparing for press the continuation of his printed calendar of the most important State papers preserved at Venice.

WE understand that the Fourth Report of the Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts will be ready for publication early next month, and that it will exceed in interest and in bulk all its predecessors.

MR. HEFORTH DIXON seems to have a curious notion of historical evidence. He has been endeavouring to show in *Notes and Queries*, contrary to the opinion entertained by some of our best modern investigators, that Anne Boleyn was the eldest daughter of her father, Sir Thomas Boleyn, Earl of Ormond. She had, as is well known, a sister named Mary, who was the mother of Henry Carey, Lord Hunsdon, and it is the opinion of Mr. Brewer and others who have examined the subject, that Mary Boleyn was several years older than Anne. Mr. Dixon maintains the contrary; but in support of his theory cites only two pieces of evidence, of which the first really tells most powerfully against it. In 1597, George Carey, second Lord Hunsdon, petitioned to be restored to the Earldom of Ormond, on the express ground that he was descended from the eldest daughter, Mary, while the reigning queen, Elizabeth, was descended from the younger daughter, Anne. This would surely have been a very great piece of presumption if the facts had been the other way. But Mr. Dixon conceives that Lord Hunsdon did not know his own pedigree; and that the Queen, who refused to make him Earl of Ormond, caused him to know it better. The evidence on which he relies in this case is an epitaph, composed certainly not less than thirty-two years after Lord Hunsdon's death, on his daughter Elizabeth, Lady Berkeley, who died in 1635. In this epitaph, most assuredly, Lady Berkeley's ancestry is traced back to Mary Boleyn, who is called the younger sister; but Mr. Dixon does not tell us why he thinks the authority of the epitaph superior to that of the petition. If so, it is, we suppose, to be presumed that the son or other survivor of Lady Berkeley who put up her gravestone knew more about her father's pedigree than he himself did.

M. LECOY DE LA MARCHE, who has for some time past been engaged in completing his researches on King René in the Archives of Italy

and Marseilles, published a formal report of his mission in the *Official Journal* of October 31 and November 1 last; a summary of which is given in this month's *Polybiblion*. The Report enumerates the documents discovered relating to King René, and gives interesting details with regard to various Italian libraries. M. Lecoy de la Marche's mission detained him longest at Naples. The creation of the Archives of that city is due to the founder of the House of Anjou, Charles I., brother of St. Louis. The registries of the chancery gradually accumulated, and in the end a very valuable collection was formed and installed at the Zecca. Though a considerable number of these precious registers disappeared in the troubles of later times, 378 are still left; and happily the lost volumes are in some degree replaced by notes taken in the seventeenth century by Charles de Lellis, which are now in the possession of a learned Neapolitan, Minieri Riccis. The inventory of these registers was published between 1824 and 1845. The Neapolitan archives also contain seventy portfolios of documents, of which only a few are classified. The registers only go back to 1423, and the other documents to 1476, so that this library gives but little information about King René.

The House of Aragon, at its accession, opened a new library under the name of *Archives della regia camera*; the letters and accounts of these princes date from 1432—before the year of their accession. The Spanish viceroys opened a new collection in 1540, at Castel Capuano, part of which was destroyed by fire in an insurrection in 1701. In 1782 Charles III. formally constituted a single establishment for the preservation of State papers, titles to landed property, and registers of mortgages. In 1802 and 1812 these Archives received their present organisation into four sections, political, administrative, financial, legal, from the French Government. In 1855, they were transported to the Monastery of San Severino, where a school of palaeography, a library, &c., were formed. Recent events have brought to San Severino the archives taken from the monasteries by the Italian Government.

The National and Brancacciana libraries at Naples also contain interesting memoirs, chronicles, &c., bearing on the history of France.

M. Lecoy de la Marche also explored the Archives of Montecassin, Venice, Florence, Milan, Genoa, and Marseilles, and copied or analysed 695 documents in all. Among these we may mention the regulations of the Council of the Genoese Republic for the solemn reception of King René; instructions given to the Papal envoys at the French court, attesting the help given by the Papacy to the cause of King René; a will of King René, dated June 27, 1453; an ordinance of King René against certain games, and the blasphemies, quarrels, and homicides which result from them; various documents bearing on the relations between King René and the town of Florence; *Gaspary Pelegrini historia Alphonsi primi Aragonii, Neapolitani Regis*; and a MS. *De Arte Illuminandi*.

THE first volume of Professor Stubbs' *Constitutional History of England*, which is to appear shortly, from the Clarendon Press, will contain the history as far as the Great Charter.

MR. JAMES BURGESS, editor of the *Indian Antiquary*, and author of several works on the antiquities of Western India, has been appointed by Government to take charge of the Archaeological Survey of the Bombay Presidency.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—The Swiney Prize, consisting of a silver goblet, value 100*l.*, containing gold coin to the same amount, was awarded, on the 20th inst., to the Right Hon. Sir Robert J. Phillimore, B.C.L., one of Her Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council, and Judge of the High Court of Admiralty, for his work entitled *Commentaries on International Law*. The prize is given under a bequest of the late Dr. Swiney, and is awarded every fifth anniversary of his death to the author of the best published treatise on Jurisprudence.

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Pall Mall Gazette* of the 16th inst., gives a description gathered from eye-witnesses, of the audience ceremony at Pekin, which fully justifies Mr. Duffield Jones's refutation in the *ACADEMY*, based on his personal knowledge of Mr. Wade, of the absurd story quoted by an evening contemporary. The *Pall Mall's* correspondent observes, and the observation is fully borne out by the long report of the ceremony which he subjoins, that "the whole proceedings were dignified and formal, and the Prince of Kung's conduct showed a marked courtesy and anxiety to avoid offence."

A QUESTION possessing great ethnological interest is at present engaging the attention of the Russian Government, and may very possibly prove of sufficient weight to interfere with the realisation of the scheme which, as is well known, the Emperor has at heart for bringing his subjects under one general law of compulsory military service. Politically, nothing seems more simple than that the Czar of All the Russias should make it obligatory upon his people to learn how to use arms in defence of their country; but, considered from an ethnological point of view, the suggestion offers enormous and apparently insurmountable difficulties.

The unsettled or wandering tribes of Russia are divided officially into the "Brodjatschije" or roaming, and the "Kotschuschschije" or semi-nomadic. The former of these include in Siberia the Ostjaks, Samojedes and Tunguses, and in European Russia only the Woguls. These tribes wander about in single families, having no fixed settlements, and live by hunting. The latter on the contrary live in tribes or communities, each division of which occupies a fixed area, within whose limits they yearly, at certain times, make nomadic migrations to certain points on the steppes, mountain sides, or river banks, which they frequent with such unvarying regularity that anyone acquainted with the tribal order of migration knows where each family will be found at any given season. The slightest deviation from the prescribed course requires to be settled by definite agreement with neighbouring families, and is in most cases a source of sanguinary feuds. The numbers and condition of these tribes are accurately known to the Russian Government through the system of representation which they have established among them for the election of the district bailiffs (Wolostnoi Stawschina), who serve as middle-men between the Government and the subjugated tribes. There would be no difficulty, therefore, in instituting a system of recruiting among these nomadic people, who have from ancient times been subject to military service, and some of whom under the generic name of Bashiks, or as "Cossacks," are known in the history of modern European warfare. The practical difficulties that stand in the way of general compulsory military service are nevertheless very considerable. In the first place, Russia pledged herself on the surrender of the Kirghis, the true Siberian races, that they should be for ever exempt from compulsory service, in lieu of which they were to pay a fixed tax in skins, or an equivalent in money. This exemption was granted on the ground—a purely ethnological one—that such service was incompatible with their habitual mode of life. And it is obvious, that if this exemption is abrogated, and military service strictly enforced, there must soon be an end of nomadism, whether in families or tribes. It is precisely on the exertions of the able-bodied men that the lives of the remaining members of the community are dependent. Remove the young and the strong from the hunting, fishing, and grazing grounds, from which all derive their scanty sustenance, and the family or tribe must be speedily exterminated. The chances are, moreover, that the wild nomad, who has never slept beneath a roof, would when shut up in barracks speedily fall a victim to the effects of nostalgia or pulmonary disease—both so

fatal to half-wild races—if he did not rather brave all risks of punishment and seek to return to the savage freedom of the steppes. Finally, would it ever be possible to make soldiers of such physically deteriorated races as the Kargasses, Woguls, Kottes, Jenisee-Ostjaks, and others like them? Would it be conceivable that men of such degenerate *physique* could survive even the most moderately enforced military discipline? What then is to be the end of this new scheme of Russian mobilisation? Are nomad life and the tribes who have followed it in all known ages to be together crushed under the heel of Imperial despotism? or is Russia going to recast *the* lives and destinies of races whose peculiar characteristics have hitherto seemed to be indelibly impressed upon the stock from whence they have sprung?

WE understand that the Dundee Chamber of Commerce, through their member, Sir John Ogilvy, have sent in a memorial to the Prime Minister, representing the importance of Arctic exploration, and urging the Government to despatch an expedition this year. The question is of vital importance to the welfare of Dundee, and indirectly to that of the whole seafaring population of Scotland. The Chamber represents that it is most important that the unknown seas and coasts to the north of Greenland should be explored, and that the extent to which they are frequented by oil-producing animals should be investigated and ascertained.

The memorial further advocates an expedition for general scientific purposes, and for the service it would be to the maritime interests of Great Britain, in stimulating enterprise, and giving employment to the intelligent seamen experienced in ice navigation.

THE question of the Arctic Expedition still seems to hang fire. It appears that Mr. Gladstone has up to the present given no answer as to whether he will receive the deputations from the learned societies, who are desirous of urging this matter upon the attention of Government. If the matter be delayed much longer, it will be too late in the season to think of despatching an expedition this year. But we have the best authority for stating that such an expedition will be despatched, if not this year, then the next; and if not under Government authority, by private enterprise and from private funds.

DR. KIRK, the Consul-General at Zanzibar, arrived in London last Sunday. Dr. Kirk will, it is anticipated, be present at the next meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, on Monday, the 26th inst., when an interesting paper will be read by Lieut. Baker, R.N., describing the experiences and results of Sir Samuel Baker's late expedition. One of the most exciting experiences of the expedition was the getting through the Bahar-el-Giraffe, on the Nile. In connection with this subject we may state that an influential attempt will be made to have Lieut. Baker placed on the active list of the Royal Navy staff, from which he has had to retire under the operation of regulations which were brought into force almost immediately prior to his departure.

COLONEL GORDON, R.E., left London for Cairo on the 21st inst. We believe that Colonel Gordon will be accompanied on his mission by a staff of four Europeans only, the majority of whom served with Sir Samuel Baker. No commissioned officer either of the army or navy will accompany Colonel Gordon.

WE hear that, on the 30th instant, a meeting will be held at the Society of Arts, under the presidency of Sir Bartle Frere, at which a large number of leading commercial men are expected to be present, and which will take into consideration the whole question of how best to develop commerce on the East Coast of Africa. The rapidly increasing steam communication on that coast renders this step a highly desirable one.

WE understand that, with regard to the much-

vexed question of the proper method of spelling Indian names, the following rules have been definitely sanctioned by the Secretary for India, and are to be strictly followed in all future official correspondence:—

"I. Short *a*, as in the second syllable of *tartan*, is to be uniformly expressed by *a*.

"Long *a*, as in the first syllable of *tartan*, is to be expressed by *ā*, but the diacritical mark may be omitted when it is not essential to pronunciation.

"Soft *u*, as in *rural* (corresponding to the double *oo* sound in *fool*), is to be uniformly expressed by *u*.

"Long or short *i*, as in *police*, *ravine* (corresponding to the double *ee* sound in *creek*), is to be uniformly expressed by *i*.

"The sound of *i*, as in *ride*, is to be expressed by the diphthong *ai*.

"The sound of *au*, *ou*, or *ow*, as in *cow*, *cloud*, &c., is to be uniformly expressed by the diphthong *au*.

"II. All names which have acquired an absolute fixity of spelling, from historical or popular usage, such as *Calcutta*, *Bombay*, *Madras*, &c., are to be left untouched; excepting that when such words end in *nagar*, *nagore*, *nuggur*, &c., the termination *nagar* is to be uniformly used; and when they end in *pur*, *poor*, or *poor*, the termination *pur* is to be uniformly adhered to.

"III. When any difficulty occurs, the *Guide to the Orthography of Indian Proper Names*, as drawn up by the Director-General of Statistics to the Government of India, or his supplementary List of Indian Geographical Names, is to be consulted."

FROM St. Petersburg we learn that public attention is much given to the consideration of railway communication between Russia and Siberia, as well as to the question of a Central Asian railway.

At the last meeting of the Society for the Development of Russian Industry and Commerce, it was unanimously resolved that the line to Siberia should go by way of Kazan to Ekaterinburg, and that public interests demanded a speedy commencement of the undertaking. Colonel Gluchowski, under whose instructions the first caravan from Khiva to Kazan was recently equipped and started, was present, and took occasion to enlarge on the commercial importance of the Khivan Khanate.

The concession for a railway from Orenburg and Posen to Ekaterinburg is the first step towards the realisation of a system of Asiatic railways. The line will start from Batraki and run along the right bank of the Volga past Samara to Orenburg. The work will be set on foot within six months, and will probably take three years to complete.

The Secretary of the Russian Legation at Peking has issued a letter from Capt. Prjevolzky (who has been travelling for eighteen months in Thibet), dated Dyn-Joan-In, June 17, 1873, which makes useful additions to those previously received:—

"Three, or rather four races, the Chinese, Tanguts, Mongols, and Dalds, inhabit the countries I have visited, namely Han-Su, Khu-khu-Noor, and Tsaidam; northern Thibet is uninhabited. The Chinese are found only in Han-Su, and do not differ in character or costume from their compatriots of Peking. With the Chinese in Han-Su, and there only, in the neighbourhood of Si-Nin, is a separate race, that of the Dalds, as distinct from the Mongols as from the Tanguts and Chinese. In type they approximate rather to the Mongol than to the Chinese; their language, according to the natives, is a mixture of the two. They practise agriculture, and live in houses (*fanz*) like those of the Chinese. I have seen these people only on the route, and have not been able to study them closely.

"The Mongols, who are in small numbers in Han-Su, but fairly sprinkled over Khu-khu-Noor and Tsaidam, belong to the Eleut family. In type and character they are the ugliest branches of their race. Physically they approximate to the Tanguts, with whom they always prefer to mix. The pure Mongol type is here modified and deformed in a most remarkable manner. The expression is stupid, the eyes soulless, like a sheep's; the character sober and melancholy. They have no energy nor desires, and show a brutal indifference to all but their food.

"The Vane of Khu-khu-Noor, speaking to me of

his subordinates (subjects), compared them to beasts. 'Put them on four legs,' he said, 'and you will have real cows.'

"The Tanguts, who are numerous in Han-Su, Khu-khu-Noor, and part of Tsaidam, remind one by their type of our gipsies, to whom in character they bear a still closer resemblance. Rough as the Mongol is when compared with the European, he is a civilised man to the Tangut. His habitation (*sarta*) is a palace to that of the Tangut, in which you find a heap of filth up to your knees and leaves thrown on the ground for a bed. One may say without exaggeration that a marmot's hole is ten times more comfortable than a Tangut's hut. The marmot has at least a soft warm bed, while the Tangut's tent, made of a thin trellis-work, protects him neither against the rains nor against the cold of winter.

"The chief characteristic of the Tanguts is their love of thieving and deceit. In this respect they beat the Chinese, and are to them what these are to the Mongols. A population of this race, the Khara-Tanguts, who live principally in Khu-khu-Noor, live by brigandage, and keep the country in constant alarm. The Mongols are the objects of the attacks of the Khara-Tanguts, who not only steal their beasts, but kill the inhabitants or carry them into slavery.

"The Mongols of Khu-khu-Noor, vile by nature, have not so far been able to defend themselves by arms against these aggressors, because by the established law of the Tanguts a Mongol who kills a Tangut pays his family an enormous fine of 1,000 *lanas*. If the killer is poor, all his tribe pays for him. If the fine is refused, the Tanguts unite in hundreds and seize it by open plunder. The local authorities pretend not to see, being corrupted by the brigands.

"As to ourselves (the Russians), the Tanguts have conducted themselves in the most respectful manner, knowing very well that we should pay no fine and fight on the slightest provocation. The brigands have entirely ceased to sack the districts where we are found, so that the Mongols are exceedingly glad of our presence. On my way to Thibet I left at Tsaidam a sack of corn which I did not want; the Mongols received this deposit, and said that it would preserve the whole of Tsaidam. In fact no brigand dare show himself the whole winter, for fear of stealing some object left by the Russians, the Mongols having carefully spread a report that we had left many things in their keeping. Moreover, the chiefs of Mongol tribes came often to beg me to order the restitution of cattle stolen from them by the Khara-Tanguts.

"Mongols even came to ask my benediction and permission to pray for me, as there was a widespread rumour that I was a 'great saint.'"

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Physical Science, &c.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. HERBERT SPENCER'S SOCIOLOGICAL TABLES.

Athenæum Club, Jan. 17, 1874.

Your number for January 10 contains a review of the *Descriptive Sociology*, &c., in which there occurs a sentence indicating the character of the work, and proceeding to say that, "when one considers the high reputation Mr. Spencer has acquired by his sociological theories, it acquires a peculiar interest, as it will serve to show the nature and value of the material which he has used for constructing or testing his speculations."

This passage tacitly asserts that, in framing the sociological theories known to be held by me, I have used the materials contained in the tables and classified extracts reviewed. Now, no one of the sociological theories referred to is based upon, or elaborated from, the materials already published, or other like materials in course of printing or preparation. The first sentence of the preface, which the reviewer himself quotes, is to the effect that the materials in question have been, and are being, collected and organized "in preparation for the *Principles of Sociology*;" and if, not previously knowing it, he had taken the trouble to inquire, he would have found that no part of that work has yet appeared. Materials which I am

about to use as bases for conclusions to be hereafter set forth, he represents as bases for conclusions already known as mine.

HERBERT SPENCER.

Jan. 17, 1874.

It concerns the ACADEMY, even more than the author or the compiler of *Descriptive Sociology*, that various incorrect statements made in your review of that work should not pass unchallenged.

I may first notice two very grave cases of misquotation:—

1. In the single paragraph which is quoted at length, there occurs the sentence, "Intervention of King in Courts declared illegal." This appears in the ACADEMY with the omission of the words "declared illegal." It is of this mutilated statement (again mutilated in his comment) that he courteously remarks that I have "probably escaped error by avoiding detail."

2. In the same paragraph in Table V., two statements are made under the sub-head "Legislative," relating not to law, but to the law-making power. This sub-head your reviewer sets down as "Legislation,"—the impression left being that nothing more is to be found in the Tables referring to legislation than the two statements spoken of; though there is an entire column devoted to the history of law.

Passing to my alleged blunders, I find that your reviewer accuses me specifically of four "errors," one "inaccuracy," and an omission.

I. First as to the "errors." The paragraph which your reviewer has travestied in the way above shown "contains," according to him, "nearly as many errors as sentences." His precision in the use of language will appear from the fact that the paragraph in question contains twelve sentences and eighteen distinct propositions. Only four of these does he even attempt to prove erroneous. I will now show that he fails.

1. In a series of tabular statements describing the development of the office of Secretary of State, there occurs the subordinate statement that he "drew up reports at conclusion of sittings of Privy Council." Upon this his criticism is as follows:—"The Clerk of the Council and not the Secretary of State drew up the reports at the close of the Council sittings, if indeed Mr. Collier refers to the reports which are entered in the Council Registers." He thus selects an erroneous interpretation of the words, ascribes that to me, and then denounces the statement as an "error."

2. Your reviewer denies that the Cabinet Council existed apart from the main body of the Privy Council in the reign of Charles I. Against Mr. Gibson's unsupported assertion that it did not, it would be enough to set Mr. Hallam's assertion that it did. Assuming, however, that Mr. Hallam is no more of an authority than Mr. Gibson, appeal may be made to Lord Clarendon, who speaks of "the Committee of State which they called the Cabinet Council." So that the Cabinet Council not only existed, but existed *eo nomine*, in the reign of Charles I. Of course, the Cabinet Council of the seventeenth was a very different thing from the Cabinet Council of the nineteenth century; and an explanation of the difference will be found in the Extracts, page 16, column 2.

3. It is stated (still in the same paragraph) that, in the reign of Charles I., the "power of the Star Chamber [was] increased." This your reviewer simply denies. Here, again, it would be enough to quote the judicial summing up of Mr. Hallam, who says that "the reproach of arbitrary and illegal jurisdiction does not wholly fall on the government of Charles," implying that it does fall partly. But what are the facts? Does Mr. Gibson deny that an unusually large number of cases were withdrawn from the jurisdiction of the Common Law within that of the Star Chamber? And what is this but an increase of the power of the Star Chamber? In what conceivable way

could the power of a court whose jurisdiction was arbitrary, be increased except by that increased frequency and severity of its exercise which Mr. Gibson himself admits? Let me put a case. The House of Commons sustains, in the theory of the Constitution, precisely the same relations to the Crown and to the House of Lords as it did a century ago. Would it be therefore inaccurate to say that the House of Commons has, with relation to the Lords and the Crown, more power in 1874 than it had in 1774?

4. In the same paragraph there is a statement to the effect that the Petition of Right asserted, among other things, the illegality of tonnage and poundage. Your reviewer thinks this statement sufficiently answered by saying that the Petition of Right "makes no mention of tonnage and poundage." To this I reply that in the belief of Parliament, whose work the Petition of Right was, the illegality of tonnage and poundage was declared by the Petition of Right. If he still disputes the propriety of the word "assert," I refer him to Webster's Dictionary, where "assert" is defined:—"1. To declare positively, and with assurance. 2. To maintain or defend by words or measures."—So much for the "errors."

II. The "inaccuracy" discovered by your reviewer is a very notable one. He finds in the Extracts a passage to the effect that "the Oriental conception of the Hebrew God had stamped itself on the minds of a Western people like the English," &c. Corresponding to this he finds the (necessarily) brief statement in the Tables:—"Puritan conception of Deity said to be Arabian." Then he goes on: "These kinds of inaccuracy are bad enough." When your reviewer condescends to state the reasons he may be assumed to have for describing this as an "inaccuracy," I shall be prepared to state the many reasons I have for saying that it is not.

III. I have, it appears, "decidedly signalised" myself "in a brief paragraph relating to literature, by omitting all mention of dramatic poetry." Mr. Gibson does not state that this brief paragraph relates to the period (1640-60) of the Parliamentary struggle with the King, of the Civil War, and the Puritan domination. That the "dramatic literature" produced (not merely first printed) at a period when the drama was under proscription was such as to claim notice in a condensed statement of typical facts, may be left to Mr. Gibson to show.

I have now dealt with all the specific accusations I can find: innuendoes are unanswerable.

If I say a word in conclusion on an accusation which is not specific, it is because it appears to be unmistakable. The drift of the closing sentences of the article is that the work chiefly made use of in the compilation of *Descriptive Sociology* was the *Pictorial History of England*. Of the character of this representation your readers may judge for themselves by examining the extracts which form the bulk of the volume. Here it will be enough to say that the only part of the work which your reviewer seriously attempts to criticise—that dealing with constitutional history—was compiled mainly from the writings of Kemble, Freeman, Stubbs, and Hallam.

JAMES COLLIER.

Academy Office, 43 Wellington Street, Strand.
January 20, 1874.

With regard to Mr. Herbert Spencer's complaint, that Mr. Gibson assumes that his Sociological theories hitherto published are based upon Mr. Collier's work, it is of course exceedingly important to learn that they are not. But I do not conceive that the reviewer intended to say anything different from what Mr. Spencer says himself, viz. that the compilation was made at first "solely to facilitate" his own work, and afterwards published to aid all students of social science "in testing such conclusions as they have drawn and in drawing others." "Constructing and testing," are Mr. Gibson's words; "testing and drawing," are Mr. Spencer's. I don't think there is any specific allusion to those

of Mr. Spencer's theories which have been published; but generally to the mode of working which he seems to have adopted since he took Mr. Collier into his employment.

The reclamations of Mr. Collier I have thought it best, for the satisfaction of Mr. Spencer's own mind as to the justice of the strictures made by Mr. Gibson, to place in the hands of a person especially and minutely conversant with the period of history to which they relate—and subjoin his report.

EDITOR.

I have been requested by the Editor to look over Mr. Collier's letter and to give an opinion on the points raised by it.

1. It is certainly to be regretted that the words "declared illegal" were omitted. But the sentence as Mr. Collier gives it, "Intervention of King in Courts declared illegal," though it cannot be said to be literally untrue, is entirely worthless, because nobody would be likely to guess from it or from the quotation from Fischel at p. 16, that what really happened was not that an intervention which had been customary was declared illegal, but that a proposal made for the first time by Bancroft, and backed by James, that the King should intervene, was nipped in the bud by Coke. The original authority is *Coke's Reports*, part xii. p. 63:—

"And the judges," he says, "informed the King that no king after the Conquest assumed to himself to give any judgment in any cause whatsoever which concerned the administration of justice within this realm."

Anyone who drew conclusions from the statement of Mr. Collier in ignorance of this fact would be likely to shoot very wide of the mark.

2. The right of Mr. Collier to complain of the misprint "legislation" for "legislative" may be fully admitted, and there is another misprint of "1603-1605" for "1603-1625," which he has not noticed.

I. 1. The supposition that Mr. Collier referred to the reports in the Council Registers seems to me to be fairly based upon the fact that these are the only reports known to exist. That the Secretary told the King what passed in his absence, or wrote letters to be communicated to the King, is something quite different. Mr. Collier doubtless found his authority in a passage of Fischel, who refers to Clarendon. But the passage in Clarendon ought to be definitely quoted, and it will then be time enough to consider what he meant. At all events, it is a fact that when the King was absent from London in 1627, the Lord President, and not a Secretary, wrote to let him know what had passed in the Council. We also have the orders issued by Charles I. for the regulation of Council business, entered on the Council Register, Nov. 8, 1630. These orders also contradict what Mr. Collier says about the Secretaries being "still subordinate there." They are directed to do things in the Lord President's absence which he would have done if he had been present, and it therefore looks as though they were empowered to act, after a fashion, as Vice-Presidents. The Lord President, for instance, had to certify the correctness of the clerk's reports for the Register. If he was absent, a Secretary was to do this for him, which is probably the grain of truth to be found in Mr. Collier's account. Nor have I ever met with a hint in the correspondence of the time of any subordination. There is nothing of the kind in the Earl of Salisbury's paper on "The State and Dignity of a Secretary of State's Place," printed in the *Harleian Miscellany*, ii. 281.

2. Mr. Collier is quite right in quoting Clarendon to show that the name Cabinet Council was used in the reign of Charles I., but as he gives no reference it is again impossible to verify his quotation without great waste of time. I find, ii. 99 (Oxf. ed.): "These persons made up the Committee of State (which was reproachfully after called the juncto, and enviously then in

Court the Cabinet Council), &c." This is evidently a mere nickname, just as we might say "tea-room council" of any private confabulation of members of the Commons.

It is more important to ask whether the thing corresponded with our modern Cabinet Council, not in all particulars, but in the main. And as Mr. Collier does not apparently stand up for the Commission on Spanish affairs in James's reign, or for the Committee on Foreign Affairs of 1625, the issue is narrowed to the meeting of which Clarendon speaks. It is to be observed that in 1640, the time to which Clarendon refers, the King was absent in the North, and that nine privy councillors meeting informally in his absence to read despatches, discuss measures to be taken, and then summoning the Council to empower them to act as they thought fit, would seem rather to resemble a Regency than a Cabinet. The question, therefore, is whether Mr. Collier is justified in baldly stating, "Cabinet Council exists apart from main body or Privy Council," knowing what ideas will be inevitably attached by his readers to so well-known a word. There is also a further question whether he is excused by the fact that he has quoted Hallam's *qualified and therefore correct* statement in another part of the book. My own opinion is that he ought to have followed his authority more closely.

3. Here it appears that the question is what Mr. Collier meant when he said, "Power of Star Chamber increased." Clarendon, indeed, says that it and the Council enlarge their jurisdictions; that they set higher fines, and interpreted offences against proclamations as offences coming within their jurisdiction. The powers of the Star Chamber were not capable of indefinite increase, but were limited by statute, and what was done was to strain the statute according to its own notions of what it was allowed to do. The usual statement which Mr. Collier has taken hold of that the Star Chamber was "a court whose jurisdiction was arbitrary," does not mean, as far as I can judge without being a lawyer, that it could do anything it pleased, but that it decided without a jury. It could not, for instance, hang a man. No new powers could be acquired by it excepting by Act of Parliament. Clarendon may again be usefully quoted:—

"They who look back upon the Council-books of Queen Elizabeth and the acts of the Star Chamber then, shall find as high instances of power and sovereignty upon the liberty and property of the subject as can be since given" (ii. 154).

The question again is, Whether Mr. Collier's words do not imply more than Clarendon admits? This question I am disposed to answer in the affirmative.

4. It is quite natural that Mr. Collier should believe himself in the right, as he has the House of Commons (*minus* Eliot, who was absent) on his side. But my belief is, that the House of Commons was wrong, and that Charles was right. The whole contention of the Crown lawyers ever since the great debate of 1610 had been that Customs' duties were not included in such words as those introduced into the Petition. Coke and Selden were wide enough awake to know this; and if they had meant to include tonnage and poundage, they would have said so. Nor is it strange that they did not mean to include it. A separate Tonnage and Poundage Bill was introduced in the beginning of the year, and they hoped to get out of their difficulties on that head independently of the Petition. We are able to refer to the full debates of this session—at least in MS.—and I believe I am right in stating that no single member ever suggested that the Petition would cover the case of Tonnage and Poundage. After the Petition was granted, the Commons, not getting the settlement by Bill, fell back upon the assertion which Mr. Collier adopts. But, though they were right economically, it appears to me that they were completely wrong in holding that either they or Charles had in-

tended the concession to be made by the Petition.

II. I pass over the identity Mr. Collier seems to offer to establish between the Hebrews and the Arabians.

III. If Mr. Collier will look at his own words again, he will see that, though the paragraph to which he refers as excluding all mention of dramatic poetry because of the Puritan proscription, does refer to the period 1640-1660, yet the section which refers to poetry is distinctly headed 1630-1688. Perhaps Mr. Collier is right in thinking that this is the paragraph to which Mr. Gibson referred, though from his language he seems to be speaking of the one before it, which runs as follows:—

"Literature.—1593. *Arcadia*, first scholarly prose fiction. 1590. *Faery Queene*. 1586-1612. Historical and topographical poems. 1597. First satires. 1599. First philosophical poetry. Many lyrics and sonnets. Tragedy chiefly heroic; comedy remote, with beginnings of modern description. Poetry exuberant and formless; no prosodial system."

Tragedy and comedy are certainly mentioned, but who would have supposed that this is the age of Shakespeare?

In conclusion, I would say that any objections taken to Mr. Collier's work ought not to be regarded as implying any want of appreciation of the value of Mr. Herbert Spencer's work. Students of history and students of sociology can be of such great assistance to one another, that it is a pity that they should meet only through the intervention of a third party. Human life is short, and it would be ridiculous to ask Mr. Spencer to study Rushworth and the State Papers for himself. But I am afraid that he must at least study Hallam and Clarendon for himself, if history is to be of any use to him, though it will always be well for him to keep in mind that "Kemble, Freeman, Stubbs, and Hallam" are not first-hand sources of information, but only interpreters of authorities. For instance, Mr. Spencer would do well to open Clarendon at the passage about the Star Chamber, already quoted; and he will know more that will be useful to him for that great forthcoming work on Sociology, which I sincerely hope some day to have the pleasure of reading, than is to be found in all that Mr. Collier has to say about the powers of the Star Chamber. Clarendon's view of the mischief is that it resulted not from an increase of powers, but from partisanship and passion in the judges. They were no longer calmly doing their best for England according to their lights. They were urging their own sectarian views. Transfer this to the whole of Charles's government, and you have the key of the entire change which was then passing over society. The Puritan revolution was a reaction against this state of things. Mr. Spencer's mistake has been, that from want of familiarity with historical research, he has under-estimated the amount of judgment required to form a good selection of facts, and to make the first generalisations from them. This sort of thing cannot be done to order. Mr. Collier is evidently a most painstaking man, and has worked conscientiously at the enormously hard task he has been set to do. But as far as I can judge from an examination of the portion relating to the part of history with which I am immediately acquainted, I do not see any reason to differ materially from the estimate formed by Mr. Gibson. Indeed, I doubt very much whether any man living is capable of treating the whole history of England satisfactorily in the way proposed to Mr. Collier.

SAMUEL R. GARDINER.

THOMAS CHAUCER.

Jan. 17, 1874.

Allow me a word of explanation, that I may not appear to have committed the mistake to which Mr. Furnivall alludes. My words are (pp. 115, 116):—

"The relationship of Thomas Chaucer to the poet has long been called in question. Speght, the editor of Chaucer's Works in 1598, remarked 'that some held opinion that Thomas Chaucer was not the sonne of Geoffrey;' and Tyrwhitt added to this observation, 'there are certainly many reasons which might incline one to that opinion.' Very recently, Mr. F. J. Furnivall has stated that there is so much indirect evidence against the supposition that he was 'the son or any relative of the poet Chaucer . . . as almost to amount to proof of the absurdity of the hypothesis.' Mr. [cor. Dr.] R. Morris, who, in the first edition of extracts from the *Canterbury Tales*, edited by him for the Clarendon Press Series, called the poet's wife 'the daughter,' has described her more cautiously in the second as 'supposed to be the daughter,' of Sir Paon de Roet, upon the settlement of which question the value of the evidence to be derived from the coats-of-arms on the tomb of Thomas Chaucer depends."

ED. MARSHALL.

SHAKSPERE'S PASTORAL NAMES.

It occurs to me, after reading Mr. Hales's letter (*ACADEMY*, January 10) on the name "Melicert" given to Shakspeare, that Chettie may have chosen to apply to him the surname which the Greeks assigned to Simonides on account of the melody of his verse. Suidas writes about him, *μελίσσητος δὲ τὸ ἦδον*. Though the play on the similarity between *Μελίσσητος* and *μελίσσητος* is not a very good pun in Greek, a scholar of the sixteenth century who had noticed the paragraph in Suidas, and who recognised in Shakspeare the qualities which the ancients admired in Simonides, might have found it suit his purpose to call Shakspeare "Melicert," especially as the name itself is euphonious.

J. A. SYMONDS.

IS AETION SHAKESPEARE?

Aberdeen, January 19, 1874.

SIR,—In the *ACADEMY* of January 10 Mr. J. W. Hales explains the meaning of the name Aetion, and treats it as being in all probability a pastoral name for Shakespeare. The explanation is obvious enough, and it would doubtless be pleasing if we could set off Spenser's "Eaglet" against Greene's "upstart crow beautified with our feathers;" but one cannot help fearing that in appropriating the complimentary "Aetion" for Shakespeare we aggrandise the poet before his time, at the expense of a humbler claimant. It seems to me that the claims of Michael Drayton are at least equally probable, and that they have not received full justice. The objections commonly looked upon as fatal to Drayton—that he "had published nothing in an heroic strain even in 1595; and, if he had, still it would be difficult to assign any meaning to the assertion that his muse did, *like himself*, heroically sound"—proceed upon imperfect information (Craik's *Spenser and his Poetry*). Drayton's *Harmony of the Church*, published in 1591, might well be called heroic and full of high thoughts, containing as it does metrical versions of the most sublime Hebrew songs of praise and triumph; and Drayton's assumed poetical name was *Rowland*, a name that sounded in those days much more heroically than *Shakespeare*.

It may, however, be urged that Drayton in the preface to his *Harmony of the Church* expressly disclaims invention, and professes to translate as exactly as he can. But that, perhaps, is putting too fine a point on Spenser's compliment. I am not by any means sure that even if we except the *Harmony of the Church* altogether, Spenser would not have found a justification for his epithets in Drayton's pastoral poetry. There is prefixed to Drayton's *Endymion and Phoebe* (1594) a commendatory sonnet signed "E. P.," which contains epithets in remarkable harmony with what Spenser says of Aetion:—

"Rowland, when first I read thy stately rhymes,
In shepherd's weeds when yet thou livedst unknown,

I then beheld thy chaste Idea's fame
Put on the wings of thy immortal style.

Thy fiery spirit mounts up to the sky,
And what thou writest lives to Eternity."

In trying to interpret these old allusions, we must always be on our guard against the danger of importing our own ways of looking at things: and such an evidence as this of what Drayton's friends felt warranted in saying about him, is of more value than almost any amount of speculation as to what we should have considered proper to the circumstances.

Again, it may be said that if Spenser had wished to compliment Drayton, he would have used his own name *Rowland*. But that Spenser should have called Drayton *Acton* instead of *Rowland* is not more inexplicable than that he should have called Shakespeare *Acton*, and the name not have been adopted by subsequent panegyrists. The Arcadians of those days were not limited to one name. Even *Astrophel* (Sir Philip Sidney) was lamented under the name of *Willy*.

It is noticeable that Lodge, in an enumeration of the chief poets in 1596, mentions Drayton next after Daniel, and does not mention Shakespeare: and it may fairly be asked whether Lodge would have done so had Spenser given his authoritative recognition to Shakespeare, and not to Drayton.

W. MINTO.

THE SPELLING OF SHAKSPEARE'S NAME.

I have been taken to task by several old Shakspearean students for spelling our great poet's name as he spelt it himself, SHAKSPEARE, and not as some of his contemporaries spell it, Shakespeare or Shakespere. The opinion evidently prevails among some folk that though the poor man could write plays, he did not know how to spell his own name. The fact is, as Sir Frederic Madden put it, that there are only five unquestionably genuine signatures of Shakspeare's in existence,—the two on his Stratford conveyance and mortgage, and the three on his will. About four of these there can be no question; they have neither an *e* after the *k*, nor an *a* after the *e*. The fifth is a little difficult to read. Many of the lovers of *eare* say that the last three letters are *are*; but, having had some experience in MSS., I say, without a doubt, that these letters are *ere*. The *e* preceding the *r* has the same shaped top as the final *e*, though a longer base. Between these two like-shaped *e*'s, a wavy stroke has been inserted for the *r*. Thus, neither the spelling "Shak" with *e*, nor "spere" with *a*, has really any autographic authority in its favour. Those who maintain either, do so in defiance of the plainest evidence; and, as a matter of course, they grumble against those who act on the evidence. Neither the practice of Shakspeare's friends, critics, or printers, nor the possibly spurious autographs in books never proved to be his, can stand for a moment against his own unquestioned signatures to legal documents. SHAKSPEARE, then, is the right spelling of the poet's name.

F. J. FURNIVALL.

THE NEW SHAKSPEARE SOCIETY.

MR. J. P. COLLIER'S letter is interesting as an illustration of his adherence to his old method of treating his originals. The ACADEMY said: "The New Shakspeare Society is to have a fresh series of publications added to the five named in its director's prospectus," and then, evidently on the authority of one of the journal's own contributors, named the books. Mr. Collier, as is his wont in like matters, treats "these particulars" as taken from "your abstract of the Prospectus of the Director of the New Society," from which you had expressly excluded them. This is a very slight exercise of Mr. Collier's "notorious daringness of invention that has made him read imaginary lines into MSS., and spelling into words, and has rendered him a wonder and warning to the editors of this age," on which I commented in my *Andrew Boorde*, pp. 71-2, notes, 1870.

Seeing that Mr. Collier is liable to such flights

of fancy as made him print, for instance, a passage in Henslowe's *Memorial* thus:—

Original.

The truth is right honor-
able, that one Lodge beinge
about a yere now paste ar-
rested wthin y^e Libertie of
the Clincke (where I am adweller,
at y^e sute of y^e said Toppin
vpon an acc^ont of debte, and
havings of me some know-
ledge and acquaintance re-
quested me to be his bayle.

Collier.

The truth is, right honor-
able, that one *Thos.* Lodge be-
ing about a yere now paste
arrested within the Libertie of
the Clinck (where I am a
dweller) at the suite of the
said Toppin, vpon an action
of debte, and havinge some
knowledge and acquaintance
of him as a player, requested
me to be his baile.

it is obvious that the New Shakspeare Society cannot, in fairness to its subscribers, reprint Mr. Christie-Miller's Ballad from Mr. Collier's print, without asking Mr. Christie-Miller to allow them to collate that print with the original, and ascertain that Mr. Collier was not in an imaginative or fanciful mood when he copied it. The occurrence of the product of this mood in Mr. Collier's print of Dulwich letters, &c., and its leading Mr. Collier to take plainly forged Ellesmere documents, Perkins Folio, &c., as genuine, have made, and must make, all Shakspearean students distrust every text Mr. Collier has printed or reprinted, till it has been verified by the collation of some prosaic person who sees only what is in his original, and does not confuse his fancy's creations with it.

That the wrong dates to the Tracts Mr. Collier mentions, ever appeared in "the Prospectus of the Director of the New [Shakspeare] Society" I can positively deny, as I have now copies of the Third and Fourth Proofs before me. In the Fifth, dated Jan. 2, 1874, the dates are given as follows: "Three Shakspeare Allusion-Books—Greenes *Groatesworth of Wit* [1592], 1596; and Henry Chettle's *Kindharts Dreame* [1593], and *Englandes Mourning Garment* [1603], edited by C. Mansfield Ingleby, Esq., LL.D." It was on Sunday, Dec. 21, 1873, that Mr. Henry Huth kindly lent me his original copies of these three tracts. Mr. Collier, when finding fault with the date 1596 attached to Greenes *Groatesworth of Wit*, as the book to be reprinted, knew perfectly well that that edition only is in existence, no copy of the edition of 1592 being known. Again, when Mr. Collier asserted of "Henry Chettle's *England's* [that is, *Englandes*] *Mourning Garment* . . . that, in figures on the title-page, it bears the date of 1603," he had either fallen into one of his imaginative moods, or his copy (if he has one) differs from Mr. Henry Huth's, which, as the friend in whose hands it now is, says, "has neither date nor name at the beginning or end. But the penultimate two leaves set forth 'The Order and Proceeding at the Funerall' &c. of Elizabeth 'To the Cathedral Church of Westminster: the 28 of April 1603.' And at the end of this Order is 'To the Reader,' 5 lines, 'Farewell. Hen: Chettle.'" F. J. FURNIVALL.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

- SATURDAY, Jan. 24, 3 p.m. Royal Institution. Professor Croom Robertson on "Kant" (iii.).
" Crystal Palace Concert. (Sims Reeves and Dr. Stainer.)
" Saturday Popular Concert. Beethoven's Serenade Trio. (Hallé and Madame Norman Nerda.)
3.45 p.m. Royal Botanic. (Inner Circle, Regent's Park.)
MONDAY, Jan. 26, 1 p.m. Sale of Books at Puttick and Simpson's; and of two collections of Oriental and English coins at Sotheby's.
4 p.m. London Institution. Mr. John Evans, F.R.S., "On Ancient Stone Implements."
7 p.m. Entomological (Anniversary); Institute of Actuaries.
8 p.m. Monday Popular Concert (Brahm's Pianoforte Quartet).
8.30 p.m. Geographical. Lieut. Baker on the Khedive's Expedition into Central Asia.
TUESDAY, Jan. 27, 12 noon. Sale of old china and furniture at Bonham's.
3 p.m. Royal Institution. Professor Rutherford on "Respiration" (iii.).
8 p.m. Civil Engineers; Anthropological (Anniversary).
8.30 p.m. Medical and Chirurgical.

- WEDNESDAY, Jan. 28, 1 p.m. Society of Arts. Professor Ansted "On the Coal and Iron-fields of Virginia." Archaeological Association.
" London Ballad Concert, St. James's Hall.
7 p.m. London Institution. "Recent Assyrian Discovery," Rev. Sayce, A. H.
THURSDAY, Jan. 29, 1 p.m. Sale of old English china at Sotheby's.
3 p.m. Royal Institution. Professor Duncan on "Paleontology" (iii.).
8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.
FRIDAY, Jan. 30, 8 p.m. Royal Institution. Sir Julius Benedict on "Weber and his Times."

SCIENCE.

On the Origin and Metamorphoses of Insects.
By Sir John Lubbock, Bart., M.P., F.R.S., &c. (Macmillan & Co.) Nature Series.

THIS is a most interesting little book, which will be very acceptable to the philosophical naturalist, and to those general readers who are tired of the wonders of insects and that kind of literature. It is not too learned for the majority of the insect-loving, or for those who dabble with pins and cork, and pursue practical entomology. Moreover, there is abundance of well-written and thoughtful matter in some parts of the work which will be enjoyed by advanced biologists. Commencing with a popular chapter on the classification of insects, which is followed by one on the influence of external conditions on the form and structure of larvæ, the book treats consecutively of the nature of metamorphoses, the origin of metamorphoses, and finally of the origin of insects.

The question has arisen in the minds of most naturalists who know something of geology, whether the first insects submitted to those changes in form, structure, and habit, which constitute metamorphosis. And such a question leads to those of what were the first insects, and from what earlier forms were they derived? Sir John Lubbock points out that greatly as the mature insects of most of the great groups differ from each other, still their larvæ have much in common, and in many instances resemble a typical form, consisting of a head, a three-segmented thorax, with three pairs of legs, and a many-jointed abdomen, often with anal appendages. Such a form exists, without suffering but slight change in its life-cycle, in the genus *Campodea*, and the author considers it to be the living representative of a primeval type, from which all the great families of insects have derived their origin. Its ancestry was humble enough, according to Sir John Lubbock, for it was probably derived from a less highly developed form, resembling the modern Tardigrade, a smaller and much less highly organised being, which has been successively placed amongst the *Acari* and the *Rotatoria*. On the other hand, Fritz Müller considers that the water-breathing *Crustacea* must be regarded as the original stem from which the insects arose, and argues as follows:—Neither the Nauplius nor the Zoëa of the metamorphic *Crustacea* has the normal number of extremities of the crustacean class. Like the larvæ of those spiders which undergo metamorphosis, they have six legs—the three pairs of extremities which characterise the true insects as a class. Moreover, the mouthpieces of the immature representatives of the different classes are of the same number, and the true insects, like the Zoëa of *Crustacea*, have no appendages

to the abdomen, and have mandibles without palpi. Fritz Müller has pointed out that the *Orthoptera*, with larvæ, which have eleven segments in the abdomen (and not nine, as in the *Lepidoptera*), agree with the rudimentary prawns, and with the higher *Crustacea* in the number of the segments. He notices also that in the *Orthoptera* and the *Crustacea* the egg-orifice and the vent are placed on different segments, and not on one particular ring. Fritz Müller believes that there were perfect insects like the non-metamorphosing *Orthoptera* before larvæ and pupæ; but this is hard to credit, especially as there are such things as larvæ which propagate by ova. It seems more probable that a larva with the same number of extremities as its crustacean ancestor, and which moreover moulted, was the first insect form, and it must therefore have been more or less vermiform, and probably aquatic in its habits.

In estimating the bearings of insect metamorphosis with regard to the slow changes which appear to have occurred during the formation of new species out of varieties, Sir John Lubbock points out that if great changes take place in insect form and method of life during a few days, it is hard to be denied the right of drawing upon geological time in explaining the derivation of one species from another—the structural alteration being less than that which occurs in metamorphosis—by the theory of descent with modifications by natural selection. The nature of the phenomena and the probable cause of metamorphoses are very well and clearly stated, and it is to be regretted that the size of the work appears to have prevented a chapter on the more important alterations in the nervous, digestive, and tracheary systems which accompany the external changes. The cause of the metamorphoses is thus stated, as a conclusion upon some preceding considerations:—

"The occurrence of metamorphoses arises from the immaturity of the condition in which some animals quit the egg."

If this view be taken, it follows that the imago should have been developed within the egg and should have escaped, furnished with wings and reproductive organs, had there been no necessity for metamorphoses. This assumes that the imago in every instance is the perfect insect. No one will admit that the female *Psyche helix* or the female winter moth are more highly organised than their larvæ. It is not readily admitted that there is any great superiority in the organisation of the female Vapourer over that of its active larva. It is not sufficient to say that a winged insect must be more highly developed than one which has no wings, but which has certain other locomotive organs besides powers of digestion, assimilation and web-secreting, not possessed by the imago. The larvæ of some of the *Orthoptera*, which do not undergo metamorphoses, are not more highly developed and less embryonic than the larvæ of *Myrmeleon* or of *Æschna*, which become pupæ and subsequently imagines.

It is evident that the larvæ of some insects which are metamorphosed are much less perfect, and in this sense more embryonic than others, but the compensating metamorphosis

does not occur any the sooner. Certainly there are many exceptions to this "cause" in the insects and in other Invertebrata, which have a complicated life-cycle. One feels tempted to ask what is the cause of the immaturity of condition in which some animals quit the eggs, as well as to demur at many active larvæ being thought immature. The cause of metamorphosis probably bears some reference to the potential energy which exists in organisms, and which, under certain circumstances, enables them to undergo modifications in their structures. Probably the active cause was an unusual external physical condition which threatened the life not only of the individual but of the species also. It is evident that many forms of metamorphoses are adaptations to meet changes in temperature, season and food supply, although it must be admitted that the changes in form of some insects do not appear to have any relation with present and existing physical conditions. Sir John Lubbock points out the complicated metamorphoses of some of the parasitic insects, and nothing is more evident than the relation which their changes of form and habit bear to the peculiar life-cycle of the victim. Yet the parasitic life was not from the beginning, if there is any truth in evolution, and it was determined by the force of circumstances, the potential energy being brought into play.

The author pays much attention to the relations of metamorphosis and alternation of generations, and endeavours to define their biological value. The well-known works of Allman and of Hincks on the *Hydroids* are frequently quoted, and their illustrations given. He appears to insist that the two phenomena are closely allied, and that certain insect life-cycles are alternations of generations. We find the following passage repeated more than once:—

"When the external organs arrive at this final form, before the organs of reproduction are matured, these changes are known as metamorphoses; when, on the contrary, the organs of reproduction are functionally perfect before the external organs, or when the creature has the power of budding, then the phenomenon is known as alternations of generations."

Consequently Sir John considers that the flies which produce viviparous larvæ, *Cecidomyia* for instance, undergo alternation of generations. Following the same idea, the egg-bearing larvæ of *Chironomus* have a corresponding life-cycle. Yet these larvæ undergo the changes of form which are known as metamorphoses. In his introduction, the author remarks on the variety of opinions respecting these interesting biological questions, and it certainly is very pleasant to read page after page of firmly expressed opinion without meeting with an unkind remark. He disarms criticism, but he evidently anticipates opposition. It must, therefore, suffice to assert that the life-cycle of such a larva as *Cecidomyia* or *Chironomus* refers to an ancestral peculiarity. The first insects were in the form of larvæ and reproduced as such. The metamorphoses were superadded. But naturalists consider the phenomena of metamorphosis and of alternation of generation as parallel but by no means identical biological matters, and it appears that Sir John

really holds this view, subject to certain exceptions.

It is certainly very surprising that closely allied forms of insects should differ in the degree of their metamorphosis, and that some should not undergo other changes than those of ordinary growth accompanied by skin-shedding. Closely allied insects which undergo the same kind of metamorphosis differ in the details of the changes, and in the times and duration of the stages. In fact, very few insects lead the same kind of life-cycle. Clearly, identity of structure has nothing to do with identity of kind of metamorphoses, and therefore the phenomena which have been so ably considered by Sir John Lubbock must be determined by other biological laws than those which regulate ordinary individual progressive development.

If every organism has a force potential to it which determines variation in the face of unusual physical conditions, it is not unreasonable to assert that amongst several groups of the Invertebrata there is a potential force by which minute and great changes of structure may occur in order to preserve the species. It appears very reasonable to assert that the ancestor of the insects was a freshwater crustacean, which submitted to metamorphoses, and that by ordinary variation it assumed the characters of a larva furnished with internal tracheæ and external respiratory filaments. Such a form might have resembled *Campodea*, and when adverse external conditions arose, instead of succumbing to them, the ancestral potentiality for metamorphosis was utilised and a slight but useful, and therefore transmissible change of form and habit occurred. Every insect fauna is formed of a great mixture of indigenous and sporadic species, and these have a geological ancestry; therefore it is to be expected that very different times for metamorphic changes will be found to occur in very similar species. As Sir John Lubbock admits the extent of latitude that exists for many opinions on the subject of the origin and metamorphoses of insects, it is to be hoped that he will, sooner or later, give us the advantage of his intelligent criticism and original ideas in a volume worthy of his name, and to which this small book will be the introduction.

P. MARTIN DUNCAN.

On some Pahlavi Inscriptions in South India.
By A. C. Burnell. (Mangalore: printed for private distribution.)

In the first part of this pamphlet Mr. Burnell has collected all the notices he can discover regarding the existence of early Christian colonies in India, commencing with those which are merely legendary, and then proceeding to such as are really historical, and to the evidence of such contemporary records as copper-plate grants and inscriptions. The second part is devoted to a detailed account of the Christian crosses with Pahlavi inscriptions in Southern India, with a notice of the Pahlavi signatures to a copper-plate grant, quoted from Professor Haug's Essay on Pahlavi.

Passing over the legends of the Apostle Thomas having founded seven churches in Malabar, of a Kanân Tammâ having preached

there, and of Mār Sāphor and Mār Aphrothū (both Persian names) having come to India from Babylon, Mr. Burnell observes that the first historical notice of a Christian mission to India is that of certain Manichæans from Persia. Māni himself wrote a *Greater Epistle to the Indians*, and the persecution of his followers, after his execution in A.D. 272, led probably to the emigration of many of them to India. Cosmas Indicopleustes, in the sixth century, mentions Christians as residing in Ceylon and India; and the Arab geographer Abū Zaid, early in the tenth century, alludes to Jews and Manichæans in Ceylon. A copper-plate grant in Tamil-Malayālam, now in the possession of one of the rival Syrian metropolitans at Kottayam in Travancore, is an endowment to the Christian church at Cranganore by one Marvān Sapir Iço, and was attested not only by Indian signatures, but also by Arabs in Cufic, and by Persians in Pahlavi and Hebrew characters; some of these Persians may have been Mazdayasnians, and others Jews, as the names Anuharmazd and Abraham occur among the signatures. This grant is believed to date from the early part of the ninth century, and the words used in it for "Christian" are *tarisā* and *tarussā*, evident variants of the Persian *tarsā*, which occurs in the form *tarsāk* in the later Pahlavi (the Christians being called *tarsākān* in the tale of *The accursed Abālīsh*).

Mr. Burnell remarks that all the trustworthy facts he has been able to collect indicate that the Christian settlements in India, down to the tenth century, were Persian, and probably, therefore, Manichæan or Gnostic; while the Syrian (Nestorian and Jacobite) Christians must have settled in India at a rather later date, as they are chiefly mentioned by the mediæval travellers, especially by Friar Odoricus and Nicolo Conti.

It is to the earlier, or Persian, Christians that the bas-relief crosses with Pahlavi inscriptions must be attributed; these were formerly numerous in Southern India, according to the *Viaggio all' Indie orientali* of P. Vincenzo Maria di S. Caterina da Siena, who was a papal envoy to Travancore in the seventeenth century; and he specially describes one cross at Cranganore (now probably buried under the ruins of that town) and another at Meliapor (the Mount) near Madras. Mr. Burnell gives lithographs of this Mount cross, and of one in the old Syrian church at Kottayam, the former taken from a photograph; he also mentions a third cross which he has seen in the same church. The Mount cross was found by the Portuguese, about A.D. 1547, whilst digging amongst the ruins of former Christian buildings, for the foundations of the chapel over whose altar the cross was afterwards fixed. It is sculptured upon a slab of the ordinary trap-rock, about four feet high and three wide; the extremity of each limb of the cross is ornamentally enlarged, and the lower limb, which is not much longer than the others, stands upon a three-stepped pedestal, between two petal-like carvings which rise from the same pedestal, so that the cross appears to be standing in the section of a cup, or expanded flower; above the upper limb of the cross a bird hovers head-downwards; all this is sculptured in relief upon

a sunk panel, bounded on each side by a cushion-headed column, like those in the Elephanta cave, and by an ornamental semicircular arch overhead, springing from the capitals of the columns. Outside these sculptures the Pahlavi inscription is cut into the flat surface of the slab, in a single line down each side, and semicircularly above the arch; it is divided into two unequal portions by a cross and dash; the longer portion, in which the bottoms of the letters are turned *towards* the cross, extends over three-fourths of the arch and down the side to the left of the observer; the shorter portion, in which the bottoms of the letters are turned *away* from the cross, extends down the side to the right, and owing to the reversed position of its letters it can be read from the same point of view as the longer portion, which appears as an upper line with the shorter line below it. The Kottayam cross differs in ornamentation, and stands upon a higher pedestal, whose foliage is curved downwards, instead of upwards; the bird hovers above the cross, but the sunk panel has no ornamental border, and the arch is pointed; the inscription appears to be identical with that at the Mount, and similarly situated and divided, but it is obscured by whitewash, and is not allowed to be examined very closely. The other cross in the same church has only the longer portion of the Pahlavi inscription, but it has also this sentence inscribed upon it in Syriac: "Let me not glory except in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ" (Gal. vi. 14), which is probably a rather later addition.

Mr. Burnell, who is well aware of the difficulties of Pahlavi decipherment, proposes the following as merely a first attempt at explaining this inscription (omitting the unexpressed vowels): (shorter line) *yīn rjyā mn vn drd-i dnmn*: (longer line) *mūn amn mshihā af alhā-i mdm af rshd-i aj asr bōkht*; (translation) "In punishment (?) by the cross (was) the suffering of this (one): (he) who (is) the true Christ, and God above, and guide ever pure." This reading of the inscription will hardly be accepted by Pahlavi scholars without considerable modification: thus, the particle *af*, "also," is inseparable in Pahlavi, and can only occur in combination with a pronominal suffix, as in the forms *afam*, *afat*, *afash*, and their plurals; again, *madam* is a Huzvāresh substitute for the Persian *bar*, a preposition before nouns, or used adverbially before verbs, but it is no adjective, not even in the passage *vad farhang-ē madam amūzām* (literally: "whilst I teach about a certain knowledge, or an epitome of learning"), which Mr. Burnell quotes as an authority; the word *alhā* can only be read by supposing the letter *l* to be defective in the lithograph, and objections may be made to some of the other words. It is exceedingly easy to point out such defects, but it is not so easy to suggest any really satisfactory reading of the whole inscription, as only the three words *denman*, *madam*, and *bōkht* are indisputable. Mr. Burnell's interpretation from *drd-i* to *mshihā* is probably correct, and his plan of reading the lower line before the upper one seems necessary, unless the longer line be taken as a question, and the shorter as an answer, or unless they be

considered as independent sentences. The longer line is comparatively easy, and may be read, with tolerable certainty, thus: *mūn amn mshihā-i arakhshā-i madam-afrās aj khārbūkht*; the word *mshihā* being exactly over the centre of the cross in both lithographs. The shorter line is much more uncertain, and there is little chance of any two Pahlavi scholars agreeing about its interpretation; perhaps the most likely reading is: *sūldā-i min van va dard-i denman*, where *sūldā* stands for the Arabic *sulb*, "crucifixion," the change of a Semitic *b* into a Pahlavi *d* being not uncommon, and this *d*, when circumflexed, looks like a Pahlavi *z*, which is the letter shown in the lithograph. If these readings be admitted, two translations are possible: first, by taking the lines in their natural order, beginning with the upper and longer line, we have "What freed the true Messiah, the forgiving, the upraising, from hardship? The crucifixion from the tree, and the anguish of this." Secondly, by taking the lines in the reverse order, we have: "The crucifixion, &c., which freed, &c.," or, "which the true Messiah, &c., freed from hardship." Taking *van* as "a tree for execution," is no doubt objectionable, as the proper Pahlavi term is *dār*, but the only alternative reading for *i min van va*, "from the tree and," is *i min nūn*, "which henceforth is;" unless we suppose these words are a corruption of *i maranā va*, "of the Lord and," or that they contain a proper name.

The Pahlavi characters in these inscriptions differ very little from those in the signatures to the copper-plate grant of the ninth century at Kottayam, of which Mr. Burnell likewise gives a lithograph; they also resemble closely those in the Pahlavi inscriptions at the Kanheri caves: these latter, however, have no connection with the Christian settlements, three of them being merely lists of the names of a party of Parsi visitors to the caves, commencing with the usual Zoroastrian invocation *pavan shem-i yazdān* (or *yēdato*) "in the name of God," followed by the several Parsi dates corresponding to Oct. 10, Nov. 2, and Nov. 24, A.D. 1009; a fourth inscription is a mere fragment, dated a few years later.

It appears from Mr. Burnell's concluding remarks that he believes that much of the Indian learning has been derived from Persia; this is, however, a matter in regard to which an enquirer is very apt to be led astray by preconceived opinions, and it must not be forgotten that the Persian account of the revival of learning under Shāpūr I. (quoted from the *Din-kard* by Prof. Haug, in the appendix to his *Essay on Pahlavi*) states that much of it was imported from India.

E. W. WEST.

Modern English. By Fitz-Edward Hall, M.A., Hon. D.C.L. Oxon. (Williams and Norgate, 1873.)

THE author tells us in his Preface that "the object of this disquisition is to justify modern English, as well as to exemplify it," and he has disposed his subject-matter accordingly. The first question that arises is, of course, that we should know in what sense modern English requires justification. Per-

haps a few examples will best show this. We know that many new words, or many revivals of old words, are perpetually appearing and striving to gain acceptance, such as, a *talented* person, a *reliable* authority, a *break-down*, a *telegram*, or *utilitarian*. Some of these are often ugly enough; others, from a purist's point of view, are incorrectly formed, and so on. If they are ridiculously ugly or incorrect, they may perhaps be laughed down into disuse; but in a great number of cases, protest is of no avail, and those who are most jealous of the "purity" of English are liable to find themselves in the position of Mrs. Partington, when she attempted, mop in hand, vigorously to push away the Atlantic Ocean. Accordingly, Mr. Hall shows that our language, like every other language that possesses any vitality at all, is in a state of constant flux and change, and perpetually endeavours to renew its youth. The voices of critics are, in the main, but little heeded, and the continued progress of the language is as certain as it is irresistible. However much we may, in some instances at least, regret this, we should still be wise enough to yield to the logic of facts.

But Mr. Hall does good service in showing very plainly yet another matter. Not only have critics often protested in vain, but they have even done worse. They have frequently uttered the most dictatorial and presumptuous opinions upon matters respecting which they possessed no exact information. Nothing is more perilous than to assert a negative; to deny, *ex cathedra*, the previous existence of an apparently novel word. Certainly some of these negative assertions, as Mr. Hall shows, can be disproved in a manner that is almost ludicrous; and such writers as Coleridge, Landor, Gray, and sometimes Dr. Johnson (much as he is to be venerated), have let slip most ill-judged and unfortunate utterances. "It disturbs me to find in Southey," says Landor, "the word *re-write*. Properly, *re-* should precede none but words of Latin origin, though there are a few exceptions of some date and authority." Yet everyone knows that our language is full of hybrid words, and that *re-write* can hardly be dispensed with. The old prefix *ed-*, as in *ednican*, to renew, has practically been long dead, though said to survive in *t-wit*, from *ed-witan*, to reproach; so that we cannot possibly say *edwrite*, for who would understand it? On the other hand, it would be highly inconvenient to be saddled with the word *rescribe*, which after all would not perhaps express the true meaning. Again, Gray, in 1760, wrote, "*Elate* is a participle; but there is no such word as *to elate*, I imagine." It is amusing to see, in Mr. Hall's footnote, more than thirty references for its use at an earlier date, with the remark that "the references which follow are only a few to what I might give." His earliest reference is to William Watson, in 1602, and he cites ten instances from Dr. Johnson's *Rambler*, written in 1750-2, a book which it is reasonable to suppose that Gray may have seen. Again, "Sir James Mackintosh speaks of Parr's new-coined word *sylogize*," yet it had appeared in Pecoek's *Repressor*, before even the invention of printing. Numberless examples of a similar kind are adduced,

showing how exceedingly rash and shallow most of our critical writers have been in their statements respecting their own language; but what else could be expected, when Anglo-Saxon is still less known than Hebrew, and the study of it less encouraged; if indeed it can truly be said to be encouraged at all?

We do not say that we always approve of Mr. Hall's results, and it is much to be regretted that he should insert occasional references to a controversy concerning which most readers will not care one jot. He seems no more able to keep Mr. Grant White's name out of his books than Mr. Dick could keep King Charles out of his petition, though the relevancy in one case is not much greater than in the other. We fear that he also puts forward too prominently the notion that the nature of an Englishman is to "scorn" an American, which hardly makes a sufficient allowance for the fact, so frequently published, that both the Chaucer Society and the Early English Text Society have received such hearty support in America as to make them feel for ever grateful; whilst we positively assert, on the other hand, that Englishmen exist, from whose hearts a feeling of such silly scorn is entirely absent. This is one of the things which we hope the progress of time will develop yet more clearly.

Having said this, we must now draw attention to the main feature of Mr. Hall's book, which ought to ensure for it a most cordial reception, and renders it almost indispensable to the student of the English language. It abounds with a rich store of quotations such as has seldom been equalled. For every word that is discussed, there are crowds of references, all of them exactly quoted by volume, page, and line, and a large number of them dated. If ever a new English Dictionary, such as that proposed by the Philological Society, begins to appear, the editors might find, in this volume, hundreds of useful quotations to choose from, all ready to hand. If anything, the references are overdone; at any rate, the reader cannot complain that they are too few. Two lines of text on a page, with forty lines of notes below it, are of frequent occurrence; and we must give Mr. Hall credit for a most uncommon industry and for wide research amongst the writings of a whole army of authors.

But the most interesting remark is in the hint at the end of the Preface, that the author's materials are by no means exhausted. "Hitherto," he tells us, in conclusion, "only a small share of these has been turned to account; and whether the residue of this apparatus shall go the way of waste paper, circumstances must determine." We hope that the "circumstances" will be kind; as kind (which is a strong expression) as is the general feeling of sensible Englishmen towards their sensible brethren in America. And if King Charles—we mean Mr. Grant White—can be kept out of the next volume, we do not think that many readers will much miss him.

WALTER W. SKEAT.

A telegram states that Dr. Beke was to start directly for Akaba by steamer, and that the camels and caravan had preceded him over land.

LECTURES OF THE WEEK.

ROYAL INSTITUTION (*Friday evening*).

YESTERDAY evening Professor Sylvester gave a popular account of Peaucellier's remarkable discovery of a perfect parallel motion. In Watts' and all previous parallel motions the head of the piston-rod of a steam-engine does not describe a true straight line, but a figure of eight. Various attempts have been made to devise an arrangement of link-work connecting the piston-rod with the beam of a steam-engine in such a manner that the former shall move at each point of its path strictly in the direction of its own length, which, of course, cannot be the case unless every point in it describes an accurate straight line. Several mathematicians of the highest eminence have worked at this problem for years, but finally were compelled to give it up as a bad job. More than this, it came to be believed, and was supposed capable of demonstration (although not actually demonstrated), that such an arrangement was impossible in the nature of things; but the discovery of Peaucellier accomplishes perfectly this problem, and supplies a most important desideratum in practical mechanism.

To understand this apparatus, conceive a four-sided figure in the form of a jointed rhomb or diamond, to two angles of which a pair of equal links jointed on to each other (called the connectors) are attached. Such a combination forms the *cell*, alluded to in our impression of the 10th instant. It consists of six links in all, four belonging to the diamond and two to the connectors. However the links of such a cell are moved about, and its angles thereby made to vary, the point of union of the last-named pair of links (which may be called the fulcrum) will always remain in a straight line with two opposite points of the diamond, which may be called its poles.

For greater clearness of description let us agree to call the distances of the poles from the fulcrum the *arms* of the cell. The length of these arms will of course continually vary as the cell is made to change its form, but it may be proved mathematically that *their product is constant*, or in other words, that the length of the one varies inversely as the length of the other.

Now, suppose the fulcrum to be fixed, and one of the poles which may be termed the power-point to be made to move in the plane of the cell and in an arc of a circle, which, if completed, would pass through the fulcrum, then it may be proved, as a consequence of the principles just laid down, that the other pole, the weight-point (as it may be termed), will move in an absolutely true straight line. The power-point and weight-point may be more briefly referred to as the driver and follower respectively. Imagine now the driver to become attached to a fixed point by a rod equal to the radius of the circle on which it moves.

We have then what Professor Sylvester calls a *mounted* Peaucellier cell, which is Peaucellier's Perfect Parallel Motion. The radius bar, which we have just spoken of, may be prolonged, and will represent the beam of a steam-engine, whilst to the power the piston-rod or pump-rod may be attached, and will move at each instant strictly in the direction of its own length.

A model was exhibited showing how by the addition of extra pairs of links to the cell any number of rods may be made to move simultaneously in parallel straight lines, thus giving rise to a perfect multiple or compound parallel motion.

Models were also shown exhibiting the use that can be made of the Peaucellier movement cell to describe circles of any desired radius, and attention was called to the use of this method in the construction of charts and the processes of the millwright's art, whereby a saving may be effected of an enormous amount of hand labour of the most expensive kind.

The perfect parallel motion has been already introduced into certain machinery in the course

of construction for purposes of ventilation in the Houses of Parliament.

Further applications of Peaucellier's principle to descriptive purposes, and to the construction of calculating machines, were also pointed out by the lecturer, and he stated that in his opinion this discovery was, from the wide range of its practical applications (without taking into account the new field of mathematical enquiry to which it points the way), one of the most valuable ever contributed by the Muse of geometry to the useful arts, and that it constituted a new vital element of machinery, second in importance to none that had been invented since the introduction into mechanism of the Archimedean screw, more than two thousand years ago.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE greatest loss which biological science has sustained since the death of Edouard Claparède, is announced this week. Max Schultze, Professor of Anatomy in Bonn, is dead. He was in the prime of life, and had just seen the completion at Bonn of the most ample and elegantly constructed anatomical laboratory in Europe, the erection of which had been carried out under his immediate supervision. Max Schultze had a very enviable reputation, being spoken of with profound respect throughout Germany as the first histologist of the day. He is no doubt indebted to some extent for this popularity to his charming personal qualities and that sense of what is befitting conduct in a professor and a gentleman, which prevented him from adopting in controversy the arrogant and caustic style unfortunately prevalent in German scientific circles. Schultze's earliest papers (published when he was at Greifswald about 1848) relate to the anatomy of the fresh-water Turbellarian worms, and are of permanent value. His most important work is that on the Foraminifera, in which he definitely proclaimed the doctrine of protoplasm as the basis of life, in the place of the doctrine of cell-structure. This was fourteen years ago, but nearly six years after Huxley had enunciated similar views in this country. Ranking with his protoplasm work, and involving far more labour and skill in investigation, are his series of memoirs on the minute structure of the retina. Schultze in this investigation (which he was still pursuing) proved himself the most consummate master of the possible resources of the microscope. The method of treatment by osmic acid and by iodised serum are due to his ingenuity. Other most valuable works of Schultze's, which we can only cite at this moment in an incomplete way, are a Dutch prize essay on the Development of the Lampbrush, a Latin essay on the Cleavage of the Frog's Egg, on the Minute Structure of the Electric Organs of Fishes, on the Terminations of the Olfactory Nerve, on the Fibrillated Structure of Nerves and Nerve Corpuscles, on the Movements of the Diatomaceæ (in which the long disputed question as to its cause is finally disposed of). Ten years ago Max Schultze started the quarterly *Archiv*, which bears his name and has contained many of his own papers besides the choicest histological memoirs published by other writers during the decade. Max Schultze was the son of Professor Sigismund Schultze, who was still living a few years since. His brother is Professor of Midwifery in Jena.

In Mr. Lockyer's recent researches with the Spectroscope, communicated to the Royal Society on Dec. 11, there are several points of interest and importance. The application of the method to quantitative analysis is extended, and its results confirmed. An electric spark is made to pass between an alloy and a charcoal point above it, and the spectrum of the spark is observed; the composition of the alloy determines the distance from it at which the spectra of the two metals can be seen, i.e. the length of the lines. Molecules of gold and copper, for example, are constantly

flying off from the alloy in a state of vibration; the proportion in which they are mixed determines how far each shall carry sufficient vibration to be visible. Certain lines had been observed in the spectra of two or more metals; and it was exceedingly improbable that these exact coincidences should have occurred in such numbers. Mr. Lockyer renders it extremely probable that the coincidences are all due to impurities in the metals operated on. A revision of the evidence for the existence of certain substances in the atmosphere of the sun has also been undertaken. It is concluded from this that nearly all metals of the iron group, which form stable compounds with oxygen, are present, but not the elements forming unstable oxides or combining with hydrogen. The metalloids, which belong to the latter class, have spectra analogous to those of compounds; hence Mr. Lockyer conjectures that these bodies are really compounds, and that the temperature in the solar reversing layer is too great to admit of their existence there. The paper concludes with some interesting speculations on the gradual formation of complex molecules in cooling stars: the supposition being, that at a sufficiently high temperature all matter is reduced to an exceedingly simple form, from which the bodies which we call elements arise by cooling and pressure.

We have received a new edition of the *Treasury of Botany*, edited by John Lindley and Thomas Moore (Longmans). Everyone who has had occasion to consult the *Treasury* must have come to regard it as a most useful and trustworthy authority. Even the professed botanist will sometimes be at a loss to run down a colloquial or vernacular name. For this purpose especially it is peculiarly useful, and very seldom at fault. The different articles contain an immense amount of accurate and often recondite information. Although the first edition was stereotyped, the new one has evidently been carefully corrected, while a supplement of 100 pages gives the systematic gleanings of various contributors over the ground from which the contents of the *Treasury* were first harvested. To all who want a book of reference for matters relating to the vegetable kingdom, this may be very confidently recommended.

The Ocean: its Tides and Currents, and their Causes. By William Leighton Jordan. (London: Longmans, Green, & Co., 1873.) "This present work is, to a great extent, a third edition" of a book which has already been published under two other titles. The author thinks it may "be observed, that gravitation considered as a static force is vis-inertia; and that the centrifugal force acting from the axis of rotation is gravitation, and that this latter force of gravitation, as also that which draws the earth onwards in its orbit, is a dynamic force caused by vis-inertia in consequence of the action of the dynamic force there termed *evanescence*." This is from the Preface; we have searched, but among many things equally foolish, could find nothing quite so funny in the succeeding pages. "Vis-inertia" has failed to prevent this one book with three titles from being written; but as the *Budget of Paradoxes* has long come to an end, the author may hope that some dynamic force of evanescence will carry his views into oblivion.

MR. HARRY SEELEY has nearly finished his Text-book of Geology, and intends to follow it up by a text-book of Natural History, based on his lectures to his students for the Indian Civil Service.

ACCORDING to the *Freie Wort* of Murten, one of the most extensive pile structures, rivalling in close proximity of stations any other known in Swiss lakes, is situate in the Murtensee, near the Greng Island. It represents several kinds of construction, and belongs to the Stone age. Near Montelier is a station which has proved a rich mine of objects indicating the Bronze age. Piles

have likewise been discovered in the lake not far from the Custom-house, near the outflow of the Broye, in the Broye, near to the Fehlbaum, and above Motiers. So-called stone hills have been found near Pfauen, near to the Greng Mill, not far from Merlach, between Motiers and Guevaux, and three near Guevaux. At present thirteen stations are known to exist in the Murtensee and in the Broye, which is a large number for so small a lake.

WE learn from the Annual Report of the works on the St. Gothard Railway, that the line has been projected 520 mètres on the North or Göschen side, and about 530 mètres on the Southern or Ariolo end. The borings on the north side have exhibited damp schistose strata, but the water nowhere caused any serious obstacle to the progress of the works; on the southern side, however, considerable difficulty presented itself in compressing and diverting the water which filled the borings. Here granite and mica-schist alternated with hornblende and granite, while at a depth of 400 mètres, where a seam of iron was struck, traces of gold in thin plates were found embedded in quartzose crystals.

WE (*Nature*) regret to announce the premature death of two eminent French savants, Dr. Legros, who has been poisoned in the course of histological researches, and M. Fernand Papillon, well known for his physiological investigations.

SIR SAMUEL BAKER has been appointed Rede Lecturer in the University of Cambridge for the ensuing year. Sir Samuel, upon whom the University conferred the honorary degree of Master of Arts in 1866, will deliver the lecture in the Easter Term.

Engineering states that a scheme for a new Transatlantic telegraph cable is being promoted. Surveys and soundings have already been made, and the proposed line decided on, the place of landing being Rye Beach, New Hampshire.

A DEPUTATION has waited upon the Colonial Secretary of New South Wales with a view to the construction of a railway from Shoalhaven to Port Jackson. Coal-seams have for some time past been known to exist in the Illawarra district of thicknesses varying from 4 to 17 feet. The annual output from the different mines collectively amounts to upwards of 125,000 tons. The managers of the mines in the district complain that the miners are frequently interrupted in their work for want of sufficient facilities for the carriage of the coal. The quality of the coal is so good that it is preferred to any in the district by the Admiralty authorities for use on board ships on the Australian station.

COLEBROOKE'S *Life*, which was published in 1872, by his son, Sir E. Colebrooke, has been followed by a new edition of his *Miscellaneous Essays* (published by Trübner). If one considers that these papers, chiefly on Sanskrit literature, were written in the beginning of this century, and that they were first published in a collected form by the late Dr. Rosen, in 1837, nothing can afford a more powerful testimony to their intrinsic value than the fact that a new edition of them should have become necessary at the present moment. "Good advances have been made in our knowledge of ancient India and its literature," so writes the present editor of these *Essays*, Professor Cowell, "but these essays still retain their ground. I have endeavoured," he adds, "to correct any important error, and to give notes on those points, respecting which new facts have come to light, and to subjoin references to other works where the reader may find further information." How few papers are there, written by Sanskrit scholars, only ten or twenty years ago, that would now be re-edited with so few emendations and additions as Professor Cowell has felt obliged to add to Colebrooke's *Essays*! For calm judgment and minute accuracy he has never had his equal. His reading was most comprehensive, but he was never satisfied with putting before the

public a huge mass of undigested matter. He worked up his materials till they assumed a perfect shape; he did not rest till he had made the most abstruse inquiries intelligible to an educated reader. This explains why there is so little in his essays that has proved mortal, and why one feels confident that they will maintain their ground for many years to come. Professor Cowell has acquitted himself of his task with great credit. He has added a valuable contribution in the translation of part of the two chapters on the philosophic tracts of the Jains and Chárvákas from Mádhava's *Sarvadarśana-sangraha*. This new edition contains several papers which are not in the first, but it has one defect, it does not give the plates of the inscriptions which were given in the original editions.

DR. OPPERT informed the members of the Société Asiatique that he had discovered the name of *Cyrus, the son of Cambyzes*, on a brick in the British Museum. This would be strange indeed, for hitherto Cambyzes was thought to be the son of Cyrus.

THE chair of Sanskrit at Strassburg, vacated by Professor Max Müller, is not yet filled. Professor Roth and Professor Aufrecht have both accepted, and afterwards declined it. In the meantime the University has founded a triennial Prize for Vedic scholarship out of the money (2,000 thaler) which was paid to Professor Max Müller for the course of lectures delivered by him in the summer of 1872, and which he presented to the University for that purpose.

THE notice that the second edition of Professor Wright's *Arabic Grammar* is now "in the press" will be received with great pleasure by all students of the language. For several years the first edition has been out of print, and there is no Arabic grammar in English that can pretend to take its place. It is to be hoped that in the second edition Professor Wright will modify the system of arrangement, so as to agree in some respects with Lumsden's splendid work, rather than with the Japhetic school, as represented by De Sacy. There is also room for much improvement in the Syntax, where a logical and comprehensive treatment of the sentence in all its possible forms is needed. When is the promise of a glossary to Professor Wright's *Reading Book* to be fulfilled? The notice of the printing of the grammar is a hopeful sign for the coming of the glossary.

M. HIPPOLYTE RENAUD, one of the most eminent of Fourier's disciples, has just died at Epinal. He was the author of several works, one of which, *Solidarité, vue synthétique sur la doctrine de Fourier*, went through six editions.

MESSRS. AUSTIN & SONS, the well-known Oriental printers, of Fore Street, Hertford, have in the press the following works:—*The Catalogue of the Chinese Books in the British Museum*, the titles in the Chinese character (royal 4to); *The Catalogue of the Arabic MSS. in the India Office Library* (demy 4to); an *Arabic Grammar*, by Professor Palmer, of Cambridge (demy 8vo); a *Hebrew Exercise Book*, by Professor Mason, Cambridge (demy 8vo); a *Pali Dictionary*, by Professor Childers; the *Epistle to the Romans*, translated into Sindhi, for the British and Foreign Bible Society. (Messrs. Austin have already printed the Four Gospels and Acts, and Genesis in Sindhi.) Of English linguistic works, Messrs. Austin have in the press, among others, a translation of August Schleicher's *Comparative Grammar of Indo-German Languages*, by Herbert Bendall; *Early English Pronunciation*, by A. J. Ellis, Part V.; &c.

MEETINGS OF THE WEEK.

THE INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS (Jan. 13).

THE new President, Mr. Thomas E. Harrison, delivered the customary address at the lecture-room of the Institution on January 13, on his election to that post. He stated that although there

was certainly less employment for civil engineers in this country at present than formerly, there still remained a great deal to be done in improving and adding to existing works in connection with the various ports and harbours, which were generally insufficient to supply the wants of the shipping trade. India, China, and Japan afforded ample fields for the employment of young engineers. He said he had been connected with the construction and working of railways for a great many years; he would, therefore, make some remarks on this subject, which was attracting so much public attention. Having been at one time the general manager of a railway, he was compelled to speak of the difficulties connected with the position. Newspapers were in the habit of asserting that managers, directors, and officials had no feeling, and paid much more attention to the subject of expenditure than to the public safety; this he thought a most ungenerous and unjust charge; and far from deserving the character they got, they deserved sympathy. Referring to the reports of the Government Inspectors, he said they occupied the position of *ex post facto* judges; and far from being the first to suggest various improvements, such as the block system, interlocking signals, &c., as was often imagined, they only recalled the attention of the directors to subjects which had already been carefully considered, or upon which they were perhaps at the time making experiments. He thought that in the case of the Government becoming the purchasers of the railways, the Inspectors would find themselves in a very different and much more difficult position when they would have the full weight of the working responsibilities upon them. Another great difficulty directors at the present time had to contend with was the unsettled state of the labour market. New works cost thirty or forty per cent. more than they used to formerly, and take twice as long to do, from the great difficulty, except in the neighbourhood of large towns, of obtaining a sufficient supply of labour.

At the meeting on Tuesday, the 20th, Mr. Archibald Carnegie Kirk's paper on "The Mechanical Production of Cold," was read. The paper was an account of Mr. Kirk's apparatus for that purpose, which is a reversal of Stirling's air-engine; viz., the machine compresses air which is cooled down to the temperature of the surrounding atmosphere, and is then further cooled by being suffered to expand. Mr. Kirk has frozen mercury and paraffin oil spirit with the machine, which is in use for cooling paraffin at the Bathgate Works.—Dr. Siemens gave a short historical account of cooling engines. Four methods have been employed: the evaporation of ether or alcohol; the evaporation of ammonia subsequently absorbed by water, and then released by heat; the solution of crystals; and the mechanical method of expansion of gases. Of the latter he remarked that it must be far more economical for small changes of temperature than for large ones; it would be a cheap method of cooling the air of a room, when it might be a dear method of making ice. The discussion will be continued next Tuesday.

CHEMICAL (January 15).

PROF. ODLING, President, in the chair. Mr. W. C. Roberts handed in a table, supplementary to his paper read at the last meeting, and containing complete analysis of all the Standard Trial Plates still extant, dating from A. D. 1477; namely, seventeen gold plates and fourteen silver ones.—The following papers were read: "On the Action of Trichloracetyl Chloride on Amines, I. Action on Aniline," by Dr. D. Tommasi and Mr. R. Meldola. This reaction gives rise to a substance called *phenyl-triacetamide*, which crystallises in lustrous plates. It is acted on by nitric acid with production of *dinitrophenyl-triacetamide*, crystallising in yellow needles.—"Note on the Action of Sodid Ethylate on Ethylic Oxalate and other Ethereal Salts," by Dr. H. E. Armstrong,—

"On the Products of Decomposition of Castor Oil, I. Sebacic Acid," by Mr. E. Neison, giving an account of the preparation and properties of pure sebacic acid, and of many of its salts.

STATISTICAL (January 20).

DR. GUY, President, in the chair.—Mr. R. D. Baxter read a paper "On the Recent Progress of National Debts."—In the discussion that ensued, Dr. Hyde Clarke, Mr. W. Fowler, M.P., Sir G. Balfour, M.P., the Right Hon. H. C. Childers, M.P., and others, took part.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY (January 21).

MR. JUDD, of the Geological Survey, read a valuable paper on the "Volcanoes of Ancient Scotland."

The igneous rocks of the regions Mr. Judd more especially referred to were those which Professor Zirkel, of Leipzig, has already examined microscopically, and fully described.

Mr. Judd, thus secure with regard to the materials he was dealing with, supplemented Professor Zirkel's work by his own extensive and masterly study of the district.

He showed that during the Tertiary period there were certainly five volcanic centres in the west of Scotland, viz. Mull, Ardnamurchan, Rum, Skye, and St. Kilda.

He traced the different lava streams that had issued from these centres, showing that whereas the actual cones and upper portions of the volcanoes themselves had disappeared, the eruptive character and gradual transition from a more to a less crystalline condition was manifested by granites and felsites which belonged to the same volcanoes that had poured out the lava streams: thus establishing a complete continuity in the rocks themselves. He showed also that whereas the earlier eruptive action of these volcanoes produced granites, quartzose, felsites, and pitchstone-lavas—that is to say, supersaturated or so-called acidic rocks—their later outpourings were of a basic character, and also formed a continuous series; the more crystalline gabbros and hypersthénites in lowest depth (that now form the ruggedly grand rocks of Skye and Mull) becoming under less pressure dolerites and basalts, while in some cases they passed into tachylite.

Mr. Judd further showed that a quite analogous series of igneous rocks had been produced in Palaeozoic time by volcanic centres now represented by the igneous masses of the Grampians; and that over the great region of central Scotland on which these masses occur, "acid" rocks were again the older, and basic rocks the later products; the latter being poured out from subordinate craters like the Puys of Central France, but of Carboniferous and Permian age.

The agency to which Mr. Judd attributed the exceptional opportunities the volcanic centres of Western Scotland thus offered him of showing granites at the root as it were, and trachytic rocks as the stem and branches of these tertiary volcanoes, was the subsidence of the central seats of the volcanoes themselves. This subsidence, which in the Mull volcanic centre amounts to a depression of at least 3,000 feet, Mr. Judd showed by reference to Mr. Darwin, and other observers, to be a general feature of old volcanic centres in many parts of the world.

In the case of Mull, it has been the means of preserving the whole of the central core, as it were, of the volcano, so that, while the lavas remain all round to attest the former presence of the volcano itself, all the upper portions of the volcano have disappeared under the influence of denudation, and the deeper-seated igneous rock is seen in juxtaposition with the sub-aerial lavas which represent the form it assumed when erupted.

To these subsidences, furthermore, Mr. Judd attributed the depressions that, filled with water, formed the lakes of ancient times, and which have by some distinguished geologists been accounted for by the agency of ice.

It would seem as one result of this remarkable paper, beyond the confirmation of the continuity

of the so-called plutonic and volcanic rocks and their general uniformity of character in different periods of geological time, that we may assume it as probable that the matter poured out by a volcano is drawn rather from local sources than from an imaginary central sea of molten rock, the subsequent subsidence representing the falling in of superincumbent matter on the void thus formed.

METEOROLOGICAL (Jan. 22).—Annual Meeting.

DR. R. J. MANN, President, in the chair.—The Report of the Council dealt principally with the various alterations made at the Society's library at 30 Great George Street, and with the efforts which the Council have been making to extend the operations of the Society, and rest them upon a broader basis than heretofore. The Council took advantage of the presence of their Foreign Secretary, Mr. Scott, as one of the delegates from this country at the Meteorological Congress at Vienna, to request him to represent the Society. The Congress was duly held from September 1 to September 16, when Mr. Scott presented a paper on the replies received in answer to a series of questions which the Council issued to the Fellows on several points in connection with the hours of observation, instruments, &c., and which has been printed in the Report of the Congress.—The President then delivered his address.—The following gentlemen were elected officers and council for the ensuing year: *President*, R. J. Mann; *Vice Presidents*, C. Brooke, G. Dines, H. S. Eaton, Lieut.-Col. A. Strange; *Treasurer*, H. Perigal; *Trustees*, Sir A. Brady, S. W. Silver; *Secretaries*, G. J. Symons and J. W. Tripe; *Foreign Secretary*, R. H. Scott; *Council*, P. Bicknell, A. Brewin, C. O. F. Cator, R. Field, F. Gaster, J. K. Laughton, R. J. Lecky, W. C. Nash, Rev. S. J. Perry, Capt. H. Toynbee, C. V. Walker, and E. O. W. Whitehouse.

FINE ART.

Thoughts about Art. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. New Edition, revised. (London: Macmillan & Co., 1873.)

THE new edition of Mr. Hamerton's *Thoughts about Art* will be welcome both to the more cultivated portion of the general public and to the critical reader. Mr. Hamerton possesses to perfection the happy knack of hitting the middling point of view, the point of view which M. Sainte-Beuve declared to be the only safe passport to general success and popularity. He is always readable. Too sensible to talk of what he does not understand, and so cultivated and well-read as to be conversant with a considerable variety of subjects, Mr. Hamerton writes with ease, spirit, and simplicity. With the same fluent and polite intelligence he discusses Transcendentalism in painting, or turns to give the reader practical hints on picture framing, or entertains him with a significant selection from the portraits of artists to be met with in the pages of French and English fiction. His manner is so harmonious, the transition from one topic to another is so easy, and the point of view in each case so entirely within the reach of even a lazy intellect, that we read on pleased and passive, turning the page now at "Fame," and now at the "Housing of National Art Treasures," hardly noting when the subject-matter changes. The matter may change, but the same charm of treatment continues to hold us.

Thoughts about Art were originally published in one volume, together with *A Painter's Camp*, by the same author; the

chapters relating to the camp being merely intended, as Mr. Hamerton afterwards told us, as a vessel to float the essays into circulation. The plan was successful, the essays were floated, and then cast adrift to maintain an independent existence. Since then nearly ten years have elapsed, and Mr. Hamerton now comes forward with a new edition, enriched by an introduction, additions, and notes. The notes were written during the course of the past year; they are for the most part dated, and fortunately are not incorporated in the text. From these notes, the book derives its chief interest for the critical reader.

Mr. Hamerton is not only an author but an artist—an artist who has passed with his fellows beneath the influences which have so seriously affected the conditions of artistic production during the last twenty years. We can see for ourselves in any great gathering of modern art how those influences have ultimately issued, moulding and fashioning the product, but it is also of interest to know something as to how they have told on the tone and temper of the producers. By the aid of the notes to Mr. Hamerton's book, we get some light on this; we may compare the Mr. Hamerton of 1873 with the Mr. Hamerton whom we knew in 1860, and in so doing we may remember that Mr. Hamerton is no unfavourable specimen of the more intelligent and thoughtful class in the profession to which he belongs. When he has changed or modified his opinions, he avows the change with admirable frankness. Thus, he leaves his essay on "Painting from Nature" exactly as it was written in 1860, but adds in a note, dated 1873, severe and just criticisms on the method of work previously advocated. In speaking of actual landscape-painting direct from nature he says, "I did a good deal of hard work in that way, as the younger English artists used to do, fourteen or fifteen years ago. . . . We lived most happily in the wildest solitudes, and we attempted to paint effects which the elder landscape-painters had never recorded upon canvas. But our ardour was not really and fundamentally artistic, though we believed it to be so. It came much more from a scientific motive than from any purely artistic feeling, and was a part—though we were not ourselves aware of it—of that great scientific exploration of the realms of nature which this age has carried so much farther than any of its predecessors." Then, at p. 91, he says, "We were all beginning art from nature," a statement which he prefaces with "a beginning which, so far as human faculties were concerned, was decidedly at the wrong end," and adds, "Our predecessors in all ages of the world had begun art from the most independent conventionalism, gradually adding more and more of nature as their senses became more acute." Again and again in the notes he dwells on the fact that some ten or twenty years ago too much importance was attached to the positive science of natural aspects, and not enough importance to the technical art of painting; or reiterates in substance the sentiment, that thought is good, novelty is good, veracity is good, but that they cannot produce art, or remarks that the finest pictorial quality, though not quite independent of natural truth, is bound

to it very loosely. He even goes the length of doubting the truth of Mr. Ruskin's dictum that "nobility of subject is a main thing in painting," and asks, "Why are fine pictures treasures?" and answers, "Because they have quality. The men who painted them may not have been either thinkers, or travellers, or historians, or men of science, but they were artists." Finally in an essay on "Analysis and Synthesis" occurs this statement, "A great inventive artist never in a picture draws anything exactly as it is, but compels it into such shapes as he wants in that place, having reference all the time to all the other shapes, either already put, or to be put, in all the other parts of the picture."

Throughout the last paragraph we have allowed Mr. Hamerton, as much as possible, to speak for himself, and it will at once be seen how widely different his attitude towards his work is now, to that which he, like others, accepted fifteen years ago, in the days when he spread his sails on Loch Awe, and in the days when "Mr. Ruskin did great harm to many of the youngest landscape-painters." When Mr. Hamerton comes to write that a great inventive artist draws nothing as it is, but compels his subject-matter to take the shape he wants, we feel how near he is to holding the innermost secret of art; we only add, that the shape which a great inventive artist wants is that which enfolds perfect science. Keeping this statement before us, we are inclined to desiderate some farther additions to the note on the essay on "Art Criticism," written in 1864. In that essay the author recapitulates the learning and accomplishments which might fitly qualify those who desire to fill honourably the office of art critic. And first he requires that the art critic must have some technical training. This is indeed desirable, for it is difficult to teach the eye to appreciate subtle gradations of tint and harmonies of colour, unless we quicken the sense in striving to produce them, and it is equally difficult to train it to swift apprehension of space-patterning, and sensitive perception of the quality of large lines, unless it has guided the effort to lay them down. But, in order to judge the art of any given work, need the critic be a judge of the truth of the facts which it interprets? Wide knowledge of all sorts of fact is a desirable portion for the critic, as this knowledge alone can enable him to estimate rightly the labour of many industrious and enterprising men, but it is not in virtue of this knowledge that he can judge their art.

Yet Mr. Hamerton is aware of this, and by and by, perhaps in another edition, will give greater prominence to a truth now somewhat pressed out of sight, and crushed beneath the burden of more conspicuous matter; and by and by, too, Mr. Hamerton will, we think, come to modify much which he has here permitted to stand concerning Leonardo da Vinci, of his aims and of his temper as an artist. Leonardo was one of those to whom it was given to know that results, or what a man can produce, are infinitely little, when set by the side of what a man can be. But the temper in which Leonardo worked was nevertheless purely artistic.

E. F. S. PATTISON.

M. SHAPIRA'S COLLECTION OF MOABITE POTTERY.

MR. GEORGE GROVE writes to the *Times* :—

"All the world has heard during the past eighteen months of the astonishing discoveries of 'Moabite pottery' and inscriptions reported from Jerusalem, of the doubts of English archaeologists, and the raptures of German ones thereon.

"Acting mainly on the advice of Mr. Vaux, who from the first maintained that they were forgeries, the Committee of the Palestine Fund has throughout declined to lend its support to the alleged discoveries, and has contented itself with printing the reports received on the subject from its agents in Syria. It is fortunate it did so, for I have the pleasure (or shall I say the disappointment?) now to inform you that in a letter from M. Clermont-Ganneau, dated Jerusalem, December 29, and received this day, the complete disappearance of this enormous piece of humbug is reported. The bubble has utterly burst; in fact, these nasty articles turn out to have been, according to the good joke of an eminent scholar on a somewhat similar occasion, a mere bundle of fallacies. They prove to have been throughout the forgery of a certain Selim el Gari, a painter of Jerusalem, whose first efforts in his interesting art appear to have been devoted to the fabrication of neo-Byzantine pictures for the Greek Pilgrims, and who has at last risen to his recent loftier flight.

"M. Clermont-Ganneau's letter contains the detailed confession of Hassan-ibn-el-Bitar, one of Selim's chief confessions in the manufacture. A full translation of the whole document has been forwarded to the *Athenæum*."

The document (*Athenæum*, Jan. 24) is as follows:

"Jerusalem, Dec. 29, 1873.

"Before detailing the results obtained on the spot in the elucidation of this question, I may be permitted to record the fact that my opinion on the subject was formed at the outset, and has never varied. The first papers printed in Germany, on the subject of this inscribed pottery, produced upon me the immediate impression that it was the work of a forger, while the drawings sent to London, and shown to me, served to confirm this first impression. Nevertheless, my judgment being based on indirect, and, so to speak, personal proofs, I did not think myself justified in pronouncing my opinion publicly, although several times invited to do so. Before the verdict of scientific authority so considerable as that of Germany, I thought it wise to reserve an opinion which might have seemed rash, or even inspired by a sentiment of jealousy or envy. I had, however, several opportunities of speaking confidentially to members of the Palestine Fund Committee, who can bear witness to my assertions. I had even gone so far as to point out *à priori*, and without any information, the probable forger—the author of the mystification. The event has proved me right. The name of the person very soon figured in the official Reports (which accompanied and authenticated many of the specimens) as the principal agent employed by M. Shapira, whose good faith, I hasten to say at once, I have no intention of suspecting; and who appears, so far as I have gone, to be the first dupe, and not the accomplice, of this colossal deception. The forger in question, as I have always said, is Selim el Gari, a painter by trade, to whom the habit of daubing bad Neobyzantine pictures for Greek pilgrims has imparted a certain readiness and skill. I had to do with him at the commencement of the Moabite Stone business. He had copied a few lines from the original seen by him at Diban, and I have always carefully kept this copy, which was rough but faithful, and which at least enabled me to detect from the very first, in the fantastic inscriptions of the Shapira Collection, the characteristic and peculiar manner in which our artist sees, understands, and designs the Moabite letters; among other things, there being a certain manner of drawing the *mim* peculiar to him, which, coupled with other facts of the same kind, enabled me to recognise his workmanship with as much readiness as one recognises a man's handwriting.

"In addition to this, the examination of the inscriptions was, according to me, amply sufficient

to show that they were apocryphal. How to explain, for instance, that hundreds of texts found in Moab written in characters sensibly similar (much too similar) to those of the *stèle* of Mesa should be completely unintelligible? For it is impossible to receive as serious translations certain unfortunate attempts made in Germany and England to make sense of these inscriptions— attempts often contradictory, which have served to show, not only the ingenuity and erudition of their authors, but the impossibility of translating texts, supposed, from the alleged circumstances of the 'finds,' and their palaeographic appearance, to be contemporaneous with the Moabite Stone.

"At the date, then, of my leaving France, my mind was perfectly made up on the question, although I had as yet communicated my opinion only to certain scholars of France and England who did me the honour of asking it. I knew beforehand what I should find at Jerusalem, when I proposed to bring to light the whole of this tangled business, and to find material proofs of what, hitherto, I had only advanced with great reserve.

"One of my earliest cares, therefore, on arriving here was to visit the new collection of M. Shapira, at present in course of formation, and intended to join its elder sister in the Museum of Berlin. It was not without trouble that I obtained the necessary authorisation; and it was only through the good offices of Mr. Drake that I was enabled to overcome the scruples of the owner, who believed me, I do not know why, animated by some hostile sentiment. I visited the famous collection in company with Mr. Drake, and in presence of M. Shapira himself. It is composed of statues and vases, covered with inscriptions, supposed to be Moabite, lavished in suspicious profusion. The figures are rudely formed, and yet betray the hand of a modern. It is quite sufficient to compare them with the statues, certainly rough, but authentic, of Cyprus, to see immediately the difference between a work simple and rudimentary, but spontaneous and sincere, and that of a modern Arab reproducing mechanically models more or less disfigured. I at once recognised, in these models of badly baked earth, the manner and style of our artist, of whom I already possess certain drawings, which I propose to publish with his copy of the Moabite Stone, for the edification of the learned.

"Not only the form of the objects, but the material itself of which they are made, cry aloud, 'Apocryphal!' The clay is absolutely identical with that used now by the Jerusalem potters; it is hardly baked at all, and yet you will observe under the faces of the little discs of properly-baked clay with which some of the vases were full, and which are taken for coins and *tesserae*, the mark of the threads of the linen on which the soft plate had been laid in order to be cut into circles. I have also seen on some of the specimens the famous deposits of saltpetre, which play so great a part in the question, and which have been produced by the partisans of authenticity as proofs of their extreme antiquity. These saltpetre deposits are only superficial, and must have been obtained, as I have always said, by plunging the things in a solution of nitre. If in some of these specimens which I have not seen the saltpetre has penetrated through the whole mass, it is because the clay was still baked and the bath was longer prolonged.

"In short, I did not see, in the whole collection, one single object which could be regarded as genuine, so that I remarked to Drake when we came out, 'There is only one thing authentic in all that we have seen, the live ostrich the Arabs have brought here with the pottery. And as to the pottery itself, it only remains for us to find who is the potter that made it.' My opinion is, and always has been, that the collections of M. Shapira, all derived from the same source, are false from beginning to end, not only the inscribed pottery, but also that which has no letters on it, and is like the other in form and material.

"The proceeding may be regarded as furnishing no sufficient proof. Accordingly, since my arrival here, I have been looking about for arguments more positive and material, and for palpable proofs. Convinced that the pottery was the work of Selim el Gari, and that it was made at Jerusalem, I took measures to surprise him, *la main dans le sac*. It was evident to me that Selim himself made the statues; as to the vases, he might either make them himself, or cause them to be made by a professional potter, adding, for his own part, the inscriptions intended to make them valuable; in either case he must have recourse to a potter, in order to get his things baked in a proper oven. Starting with this certainty, I looked about among the potters of Jerusalem, five or six in all, and very soon found out the whole truth.

"The first piece of information, which put me in the right track, was given me by a certain Abd el Bagi, surnamed Abu Mansura, a journeyman now in the employ of the potter Hadj Khalil el Malhi, whose shop is between the Spanish Consulate and the Damascus Gate. This man, whom I questioned with the greatest care, for fear of his discovering the object of my curiosity, told me that he had once worked for a certain Selim el Gari, who made statues and vases in earthenware (*terre cuite*) with writings, but that he had left off working for him for some time. In order not to awaken suspicions, I did not press my questions any further, but confined myself to asking him if he knew to what potter Selim now sent his vessels to be baked. Abu Mansura indicated a potter by name Bakir el Masry, to whom I then went. This information was not correct. Bakir, whose name and accent indicate his Egyptian origin, had never worked for Selim, but he had, and still has, in his service a young apprentice, Hassan ibn el Bitar, who has for a long time worked at the pottery of Ahmed 'Alawiye, at the present time employed by Selim, whose shop is between the Mawlawiyeh and the Damascus Gate.

"What follows is the exact narrative which I took from the mouth of Hassan, always being very careful to let him speak, without suggesting anything by injudicious questioning :—

"Hassan entered into the service of Bakir about four months ago : he was formerly apprenticed to Ahmed, with another boy named Khalil, son of Said the barber, and Abu Mansura, journeyman.

"Selim el Gari got soft clay of Ahmed, made out of it, at his own house, statues of men, dogs, and women, with noses, hands, feet and breasts, the whole covered with writings : he also made little discs of clay like *sahout* (pieces of money) : then he sent them to Ahmed's to be baked. Ahmed also made vases for him in turn, and Selim wrote letters on them.

"It was Hassan and his fellow-apprentice Khalil who were charged with carrying the things from Selim's house to the shop, and *vice versa*. The first time Selim himself took him to his house to make him know it; he was then staying in the street called *Harat el Djowvalide*, near the Latin Patriarchate. He has since moved, and has gone to the street *Agabat el Battikh*, near the Spanish Consulate.

"Hassan has only been once in the latter house. Selim at first addressed himself to the potter, Hadj Khalil el Malhi, but could not come to terms with him.

"Selim, after having shown his house to Hassan, gave him two *bechliks* : for every journey he made he gave him one *bechlik*, or a *bechlik* and a half, sometimes two. To the workman, Abu Mansura, he gave one or two *mejelies*, and to Ahmed, a sum much larger (a pound, if I remember right).

"The journeys were made between the *Maghreb* and the *Icha* : that is to say, in the three or four hours which follow sunset : Hassan, for his part, carried the things under an *abayé*, hiding them as much as possible, as he had been instructed. He even asserts that he left Ahmed in order not to continue an occupation which made him fearful of being arrested by the patrol.

"Not only were the objects minutely counted, but if any one got broken, the very smallest fragments were carefully picked up. Selim gave, one day, two piastres to a boy who picked up a *sakout* in clay that Hassan had dropped.

"Once they gave Hassan to carry a large statuette, still hot, which burned his hands, his chest, and his arms.

"When he brought the things to Selim, he saw him on many occasions dip them into a caldron filled with water; one night Hassan himself, at the request of Selim, drew water from the cistern to fill the caldron. Selim left them to soak for some time, and then took them out to dry: he said that it was to make them grow old."

"I insist particularly on the *spontaneous* character of this narrative, which I have purposely reproduced in its own simple and methodless style; it contains details which cannot have been invented, and the exactness and veracity of which I have been able to establish by other means. I believe it conclusive: it is notably instructive as to the process adopted by Selim in order to impregnate his things with that *couche* of saltpetre which was to be their brevet of authenticity. I think that we can henceforth, with these elements of information, consider the matter as settled.

"C. CLERMONT GANNEAU."

In forwarding the above extract from M. Ganneau's letter, it will perhaps be well to state the line of action taken up by the Committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund from the first announcement of the "find." It is to Mr. Tyrwhitt Drake that the Committee owed their first sketches and copies of the jars, idols, and inscriptions. Other copies were very kindly sent by Dr. Chaplin. On Lieut. Conder's arrival in Jerusalem, he made careful water-colour sketches of the more important objects; but the figures and vases failed to carry with them, to the eyes of English archaeologists, any evidence of their genuineness. Still, as nothing but copies had been sent home, opinion was withheld until specimens could be seen and handled. With the inscriptions it was different. Mr. Vaux, himself a member of the Executive Committee, at once declared, without hesitation, that these were, one and all, forgeries. Acting chiefly on his opinion, the soundness of which is now clearly established, the Committee refused to have anything to do with the collection. Meantime, fresh intelligence arrived. Two German travellers, with M. Sapiro, had dug up similar fragments of vessels themselves in Moab. New specimens came in freely. It was reported that whole camel-loads of pottery were habitually transported to Damascus to be broken up; pamphlets were written on the inscriptions; and then the German Government, buying the whole of the first collection, gave a stimulus to the production of a second, which has since been proceeding rapidly. Against this evidence were to be placed the facts that recent travellers had found nothing similar in Moab; that the American survey party in Moab had positive assurance from all quarters that nothing ever had been found; that Mr. Wright, of Damascus, had disproved the camel-load story; and that the English archaeologists refused to be convinced.

It is due to another gentleman, now in Jerusalem, to state that corroborative evidence of the strongest kind will also be shortly forthcoming. This it is hoped to publish in a week or two.

W. BESANT.

ROYALTY THEATRE.—"OUGHT WE TO VISIT HER?"

"We spend our lives in making mistakes, and in repenting of them afterwards," says Lady Rose, in the new comedy—remembering, possibly, that there had been moments when she had neglected the opportunity to flirt. In another sense the saying might serve as motto for the comedy itself. Everyone makes mistakes all through it: no one is sure of his own mind; but common sense comes in opportunely towards the end of the third act, so that all bad results are avoided,

and we are sure that every one will live quite wisely after the fall of the curtain.

The piece played for the first time last Saturday night is a stage-setting of a novel by Mrs. Edwardes, but this is a fact with which, as we conceive it, the playgoer has not much to do. The work, ascribed upon the play-bill to Mrs. Edwardes and Mr. W. S. Gilbert, must be judged simply by what it is as we see it on the boards of the Royalty Theatre. If the piece be interesting, it may send us to the novel, as to the source of its interest; but it cannot be required of us to know the novel in order to judge of the piece. Stage adaptations from the works of Dickens are produced, of course, under different conditions. All the world knows the story from the beginning, and the pleasure is in seeing the embodiment of conceptions already familiar. But that is not the pleasure most of us are looking for when we go to see *Ought We to Visit Her?*

Ought We to Visit Her? is a capital title, and much may be forgiven to those who get capital titles, now that capital titles are things past invention. Perhaps it is a question, though, whether the attractiveness of a title is quite a sufficient excuse for its inappropriateness. At all events the playgoer must be warned that the title in this case does not convey any hint whatever of the main theme of interest in the new play. The interesting social question, whether Mrs. Francis Theobald ought to be visited, is indeed asked, and finally answered; but neither question nor answer involves any story which might not be told with ease in five minutes; and that with which we are really occupied in the play is the perilous flirtation in which all the characters seem inclined to indulge, but from the consequences of which they are wholly saved by the timely interposition of the authors, in a way that is fuller of benevolence and consideration than of stern fidelity to nature.

Francis Theobald was a soldier—in the Guards—who, on some provocation not thoroughly clear, left the "great world" and took to that other one, which as those of us believe, who cherish the amiable weakness for a mild Bohemianism, is so much more sincere and outspoken, genuine and delightful. In the little world of Bohemia, Francis Theobald has done uncommonly well; for he has married a second-rate actress, whose sister remains upon the stage, and whose uncle plays the trombone every night in the orchestra. The second-rate actress, who was addicted to burlesque, and who still seasons her conversation with anecdotes of the ballet, is a thoroughly well-meaning, good-hearted person. Theobald deems himself happy in the possession of her, or has so deemed himself while they have lived abroad; and now they are returning to his place in Chalkshire, and the question is, How will she be received? A section of Chalkshire society has met her at Spa—has made overtures to her under the impression that she was a foreign Princess, and has promptly withdrawn on receiving the information that six years ago she danced in the ballet. Rawdon Crosbie, the son of the most pronounced time-server in Chalkshire, who has already given to Mrs. Theobald at Spa the "cut indirect," happens to be an old comrade of Theobald's, and he is quickly fascinated by Theobald's wife. He is engaged to one Emma Marsland; but then, that does not greatly matter. And Theobald, back in Chalkshire, meets an old love at a croquet-party, and Lady Rose—this old love—finds pleasure in the renewal of what is more than a friendship with her. Lady Rose is without scruples—till the end of the third act—yet Chalkshire society makes much of her; and when, in order that she may be with the husband more easily, she offers civility to the wife, one of the women observes that the question presents itself in a new light: "Would it," she asks, "be good taste not to visit anyone who is recognised by Lady Rose?" Clearly, then, Mrs. Theobald is on the point of being visited; but there are difficulties ahead, and these increase. They are simply the

misunderstandings and foolish doings of the parties chiefly involved. Theobald flirts with Lady Rose till the end of the play; Rawdon Crosbie forgets the existence of his little *fiancée*, Emma Marsland; and Mrs. Theobald is very near to forgetting her love for her husband and seeking consolation with Rawdon Crosbie, at whose declarations she was at first inclined only to laugh, for was he not one of that army of martyrs who had uselessly laid siege to her? The complication is of some interest, but it would be of greater artistic value if it were allowed to have its proper ending, which is not, we opine, a general reconciliation. The proper end is not, probably, that which pleases most the common playgoer and the average English novel reader. But that is not to be helped. The critics are almost unanimous in saying that the present end is not the natural one. An artist, treating a given subject, owes it to himself and the subject to be fearless when his choice is once made. Nobody imposed the subject on him. If he were timid, he might have let it alone. But Mr. Gilbert is too strong a writer to be timid. He is not given to dispose of his characters to suit conventional and Philistine requirements. Only a fortnight ago, we were praising his boldness, and rejoicing in the work of a man who will tell his audience that which he really feels. Therefore we wonder all the more at the sudden happiness and contrition of the four chief characters in *Ought We to Visit Her?*

There is much good work in the play, and there are one or two somewhat prominent faults of detail, besides the main weakness, which we think we have already indicated. The satire, which is healthy satire, seems perhaps a little wildly aimed. Thereby it loses some of its force. It is meant to be directed at the wearisome prejudices of a certain class of unlettered country squires—"who resemble the Greeks," says Mr. Disraeli, "because they are devoted to manly games, and know no language but their own"—and yet we are told that the woman whose offensiveness is most visible, and whose pride is most apparent, is the daughter of a manufacturer or tradesman. Mrs. Crosbie undoubtedly is the person from whom one would expect this offensiveness and stupid pride; but then we are not to be asked to consider her as a leading representative of county society. Why should we lose the distinction between the actual county-people and the *nouveaux riches* who play at being county-people? It is surely lost here, and lost again when the author or dramatist makes the ex-actress notice in the croquet-ground the bad taste of the women's dress. The Stage, in England as in France, may set an example of extravagance; but it is scarcely required to set an example of simple good taste—unless, indeed, to the class which we do not understand it to be the object of this play to satirise.

The acting is unequal, and it has been blamed, we think, just where it does not deserve to be. Miss Emily Thorne has been taken to task for caricaturing some mannerisms current in good society; but in truth, as we have pointed out, the caricature is Mr. Gilbert's or Mrs. Edwardes's. It is not really a woman of fashion that the authors have enabled Miss Thorne to represent, but a person who is to do duty for a woman of fashion in a certain village in Chalkshire, and whose imitation of her model is indeed a very bad one. As a matter of fact Miss Thorne's performance is at least upon a level with that of the other representatives of the Chalkshire ladies—we allow that the playgoer's experience will prove that word of praise to be a cautious one. The most flawless performance just now on the Royalty stage is that of Miss Brennan, who, in the character of the Lady Rose Golightly, has a part that is perfectly within her range, and at the same time a more agreeable one than that of the acrid old maids she is wont to personate. Miss Brennan's style is clear and thin and sharp—if those adjectives may be understood when they are applied to acting.

As an actress she shows something of Charles Mathews's incapacity to understand emotion. She may be moved by reason or moved by caprice, but by passion—never. So it is, that of the Lady Rose she is an admirable representative. With Lady Rose, love-making is an occasional, or even a frequent amusement; but it can never be anything much more. She might ruin herself many times by a whim, but never by a serious attachment. Her love is like that with which the too incredulous Laertes credited Hamlet:—

"A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute:
No more."

But that does not at all prevent, nay, it is even a reason for, her keen enjoyment in passing *amourettes*. Society is primarily designed for purposes of flirtation; yet not as well designed as one could wish. "Why isn't there a rule," asks Lady Rose, "that no party shall ever consist of more than two people?"

Unequal in the mass, the acting of nearly every individual is also unequal. Miss Hodson impersonates Mrs. Theobald with a certain amount of power and a certain amount of inconsequence. Her worst point is the laugh with which she receives Mrs. Crosbie's intimation that she has been mistaken for the Princess. "*Me!*—the Princess?" says Miss Hodson, with a most exaggerated rendering of a ballet-girl's free carelessness; and Mrs. Theobald, remember, has ceased to be a ballet-girl for now four years at least, and has spent the interval as the wife of a gentleman. At this moment and others like it, Miss Hodson shows a certain angularity and awkward restraint of movement—assumed, no doubt, in the idea that the part requires it of her, but really thoroughly out of keeping with the representation of a young person who, if she was sometimes mentally at a loss, would never have been physically awkward. But at other moments Miss Hodson is strangely near to excellence: strangely near indeed to the attainment of a subtle and subdued art to which our English stage is too much a stranger. The delivery of all her theatrical reminiscences is admirable. One feels that she is proud of her Past, and proud of that distinguished uncle who won his fame with the trombone. That dear old life that was *not* "respectable," but only simple and impulsive—it had its charms then, and there are times when one would fain return to it. But Miss Hodson is best in the first act. It is here, in the first talk with Rawdon Crosbie, that there is most of subtle meaning and delicate intention, in changed tone, lowered voice, or the laugh that breaks in timely upon the graver reflections. Mr. Charles Wyndham enters with some vigour and interest into the representation of Rawdon Crosbie, but in the first act he does not sufficiently remember that he is talking to a lady: at all events to a woman who has the common woman's claim to be treated chivalrously. He is too much his mother's son in this respect. He wears his hat too much, when he has not been told he may be covered. Just the little outward marks of respect are wanting, though the admiration is plainly enough implied; and it must be remembered that Mrs. Theobald would have noticed particularly any omission of the everyday courtesies which it takes more effort to refuse than to bestow. Later in the play, Mr. Wyndham acts with sufficient *entrain*; but in his most passionate pleading to Mrs. Theobald the actor overdoes his gestures. If he would wish to be persuasive, he must moderate them. Mr. C. F. Peveril plays the unheroic Theobald carefully and competently; and Mr. Bannister would represent sufficiently well a country gentleman—Crosbie *père*—if the limited stage at the Royalty afforded him more room for liberty of movement, in which at present he seems lacking. One or two of the characters who appear on the stage, in the scene of the courtyard of the hotel at Spa, are delightfully true to a well-known weakness of our fellow-

countrymen abroad—that of wearing their best clothes exclusively at home.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

CRYSTAL PALACE SATURDAY CONCERTS.

AFTER the usual interval during the "Christmas Festivities" at the Crystal Palace, these excellent concerts were resumed last Saturday, when a programme was provided, the only possible fault to be found with which was its length. It included eleven numbers, and lasted nearly two hours and a quarter—the last quarter of an hour, on such occasions, being often just sufficient to mar the enjoyment of the rest. That this is largely felt by the audience is shown by the numbers who, when the concert is somewhat longer than usual, leave before its close. In every other respect, however, the concert of last Saturday left nothing to desire. Mention should first be made of the special novelties, one at least of which is seldom wanting from a Saturday programme at the Crystal Palace. On the present occasion there were two, the more important being the late Henry Hugh Pierson's overture to *As You Like It*. There is no place in England at which so much English music is to be heard as at these concerts; and one is at a loss which more to praise—Mr. Manns's invariable readiness to bring forward any work of an Englishman possessing the least claim to notice, or the minute care and attention he bestows on the preparation and rehearsal of such works, which it is not too much to say that he could not surpass were the compositions his own. A more perfect rendering of Pierson's overture than that heard on this occasion is simply inconceivable; and it is no small advantage, in recording the impressions produced by a new work, to be able at least to feel sure that its reproduction has been adequate and faithful to its composer's intentions.

Henry Hugh Pierson, who died at Leipzig in January of last year, was chiefly known in this country by his oratorio *Jerusalem*, which was produced at the Norwich Festival of 1852 with only partial success. The same fate was shared by a selection from his second oratorio *Hzechiah* (which he did not complete), on its production, also at Norwich, in 1869. An attentive hearing of the overture played on Saturday renders the want of appreciation, which, in spite of his undoubted talent, Pierson met with in this country, perfectly intelligible. The subjects of the overture are not only original, but thoroughly pleasing; but they are treated in the vaguest and most unsystematic way. The music, though full of isolated beauties, is "without form and void." Many musicians, not possessed of half Pierson's natural gifts, could out of the same themes have constructed a piece of music which would have been at least twice as effective as the overture in its present form, which furnishes one more proof, if such were needed, that there is nothing to gain, but everything to lose, by departing from the standard forms of art. Even Beethoven, so often pointed to as having opened altogether a new field in music, did not destroy the established forms; he merely enlarged them; but the overture to *As You Like It* is nothing more than a clever rhapsody without internal coherence. It seems worth while to express this opinion plainly, because Pierson is often spoken of as an unjustly slighted genius. It would be more accurate to attribute his non-success to the fact that he was a man of misdirected though undoubted talents.

The second novelty last Saturday was a graceful little trifle, entitled a *Liebesliedchen* from the music to Shakespeare's *Tempest*, by Wilhelm Taubert, the Ober-Hof-Capellmeister of Berlin. It is a simple but most pleasing little air, with a prominent obligato part for the oboe, which was most exquisitely played by M. Dubrucq, the first oboist in Mr. Manns's band, and one of the most finished performers in this country on his difficult instrument. The *Liebesliedchen* was encored and repeated.

The symphony on this occasion was the ever-

welcome "No. 9" in C major by Schubert—a work which, it may safely be said, can be heard nowhere in such perfection as at the Crystal Palace. It is dangerous to make any remarks on this glorious symphony, simply because, if one once enters on a discussion of its beauties, it is all but impossible to leave off. It must therefore be sufficient here to say that its performance was one of the finest to which we ever listened. As an interesting illustration of the certainty with which time renders justice to really great works, it is worth noting that on the first production in London of this symphony (by the late Musical Society of London, in 1859) it was all but unanimously decried by the musical critics of the time, even the most competent. Schubert has since taken a glorious revenge; and there are but few now who would dispute the right of this work to a place by the side even of Beethoven's masterpieces.

The other instrumental pieces at this concert were the overtures to *Figaro* and to *Camacho's Hochzeit*, by Mendelssohn—the latter being one of the many good things for the first hearing of which the public are indebted to the managers of the Saturday Concerts.

The vocal music was entrusted to Madame Patey and Signor Agnesi (both of whom are too well known to need praise here), and to Miss Anna Williams, the young lady who gained the first prize at the National Music Meetings in 1872, and who on this occasion made her first appearance since her return from Italy. She possesses a very good and rich mezzo-soprano voice, which gives evidence of careful training. Her selections were Handel's "From mighty kings," and a very weak cavatina from Pacini's *Saffo*, which was certainly not worth the trouble she bestowed upon it.

This afternoon's programme will include a symphony by Haydn not hitherto played at these concerts, and Mr. Henry Gadsby's new organ concerto, the solo part being performed by Dr. Stainer.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

MADAME NORMAN-NÉRUDA, the first of lady-violinists, reappeared at last Monday's concert, which opened with Schubert's lovely quartett in A minor. Though in the printed copy entitled "First Quartett," it is, according to Kreissle von Hellborn (not always, by the way, a reliable authority), the fifteenth of nineteen such compositions from his pen. The biographer gives its date as 1824, and from the internal evidence of the work he is probably correct. In any case, it is the first of Schubert's quartetts in which we find the genuine man himself. Of the nineteen works above referred to, only nine are as yet published; and some of these (those in D, B flat, and G minor, more especially) are interesting rather as showing the gradual development of Schubert's style than from their intrinsic musical value. But in the quartett in A minor, the whole originality of the composer comes prominently forward. Less grand in conception and elaborate in form than the later quartetts in D minor and G, it possesses in quite as high a degree the exquisitely poetic fancy, the richness of harmony, the sudden turns of modulation—in a word, the indescribable charm which renders Schubert's best works so dear to all true musicians. Madame Norman-Néruda's playing was simply perfection; probably no piece could have been chosen in which she would appear to more advantage. Admirably supported by Messrs. L. Ries, Straus, and Piatti, she gave a rendering of the work which excited real enthusiasm.

The pianist, as at the previous concert, was Dr. Bülow, who played magnificently. For his solos the Doctor selected two preludes and fugues—Bach's in A minor—originally composed for the organ, and transcribed for the piano by Liszt—and Mendelssohn's in E minor (Op. 35, No. 1). Besides joining Madame Néruda in Beethoven's well-known sonata in G (Op. 30, No. 3), he also, with

the same lady and Signor Piatti, played, for the first time at these concerts, Molique's Trio in B flat, Op. 27. The work is a very pleasing one, written with the skill of a thorough musician; in short, with every quality of a masterpiece—except what Beethoven called the "divine spark." Like much other sterling music, it seemed to interest without warming the audience; nevertheless, all thanks are due to the director for its revival, which is certainly a move in the right direction. The execution of the trio was, as might be expected with such artists, most admirable; especial mention should, however, be made of the perfect balance of tone between the three instruments. Modern grand pianos are so powerful that great discretion is needful in playing with stringed instruments, otherwise the latter will be altogether overpowered. Dr. Bilow once more proved himself a true artist by showing that he knew how to be abased as well as how to abound.

The vocalist was Miss Enriquez, whose fine voice was heard to advantage in Mozart's "Quando miro" and Schubert's "Adina."

Next Monday, among other things are announced Brahms's piano quartett in G minor, and Bach's sonata in A for piano and violin.

EBENEZER PROUT.

NOTES AND NEWS.

PROFESSOR OVERBECK, in a recent lecture at Leipzig, advanced the view that the well-known statue, long familiar to us as the *Dying Gladiator*, represents a Gallic warrior who, on the field where his legions have met defeat, has inflicted upon himself the fatal thrust from which he is dying. The learned Professor on the same occasion endeavoured to show that this statue belongs to that series of sculptures which Brunn has identified with the gift of Attalus I. to the Athenians mentioned by Pausanias, and of which the figures were each about three feet high, a peculiarity of size which first led to their identification. The sculptures sent by Attalus represented battle scenes, in which gods or Greeks appeared always victorious over a barbarian race, his object being to perpetuate the memory of his splendid victory over the Gauls. In Naples and Venice are a number of figures, about which there is only one doubt, and that is, whether they are the original figures given by Attalus, or copies made directly from them. After exhibiting to his audience an ideal sketch of this and of three other statues which he considered to be contemporaneous with it, Professor Overbeck proceeded to consider at length the characteristics of Greek art at that period, and the manner in which it treated subjects of current historical interest.

THE death of its talented editor, Dr. Albert von Zahn, has brought the *Jahrbücher für Kunstwissenschaft* to an untimely end. We have received the January number, which we regret to learn is the last that will be published. The series has extended over six years, and has contained many important contributions to art knowledge.

This last number is partly devoted to a loving lament over, and sketch of Albert von Zahn, by Dr. Moriz Thausing. In spite of their vehement controversies in matters of art, Zahn and Thausing seem to have been warm friends. The latter tells of an elaborate joke played upon him by Zahn at a time when they were disputing concerning the authenticity of the drawings supposed to be by Dürer in the Berlin Museum. One morning, he relates, he received a letter with the Nürnberg post mark, written on old paper, sealed with Dürer's device of the open doors, in a handwriting so exactly resembling Dürer's, that for a moment the learned critic was taken in, and imagined he really held in his hand some precious newly-discovered manuscript of his favourite artist. The letter, however, which was addressed to the "Fürsichtigen Hochachtparn vnd erbern Herrn Morizen Thawsingh," was dated from "St.

John's Churchyard on the day of St. Peter's deliverance" (August 1, 1871), so that its modern origin was quickly made apparent. It purported to be written by Dürer, to thank his "günstiger her vnd freunt" for his right understanding concerning the portrait sketches of the Berlin Museum which he, Dürer, "neither took nor sketched," (nicht hab conterfest noch abgerissen), and upon which the Netherlands names have been written "by some thieving and deceitful rascal." But his dear Herr Thawsingh is wrong in thinking the sketches could have been done by a modern artist, for he had often when in life seen the artist who drew them, "he could do better in sleep than the new ones in waking," (vnd der wr pesser im schloff als euren neuwen im wachen.)

Dr. Thausing did not discover who was the author of this wonderful letter, which is printed in facsimile at the end of the *Jahrbücher*, until some time afterwards, when Zahn let it out by asking whether he had answered Dürer's letter. It is certainly a most clever imitation both of Dürer's phraseology and of his almost undecipherable handwriting.

M. RENAN has communicated to the *Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres*, a note from General Faidherbe, announcing the discovery of a Libyan inscription in the island of Ferro, one of the Canaries, by Don Antonio Padron, of the town of Palmas. The inscription has been partly copied, and two lines of it are given by M. Faidherbe. It is surrounded with a border of round and spiral designs, some of which might be taken as written characters; similar characters have already been found in the island of Palmas.

A REPORT has been submitted to the Academy of Inscriptions by M. Antonio Zannoni, concerning antiquities discovered at Certosa, near Bologna. Up to the present time there have been excavated 360 cases of interment, supposed to be from the ancient Etruscan town of Felsina, on the site of which Bologna afterwards rose. In some cases the bodies had been simply buried, in others they had been burned, and the ashes deposited in vases of various kinds. M. Zannoni considers the former the more ancient. Among the cinerary urns, there occurs a kind of bucket or *situla*, bearing curious bas-reliefs.

A SPLENDIDLY enamelled chalice, the work of Paul Raymond, the celebrated enameller of the sixteenth century, has recently been acquired by the Baron Alphonse de Rothschild. The chalice was discovered by M. Gérardau, an antiquary of Marseilles, who sold it to the Baron for 10,000 francs.

GREAT changes are contemplated in the Administration of the Fine Arts in France. *Le Journal Officiel* publishes a long letter addressed by M. de Chennevières, the new Director of Fine Arts, to the Minister of Public Instruction, in which he proposes a remedy for the discontent prevalent among French artists with regard to their annual exhibitions. This remedy is the institution of a National Academy that shall organise and regulate public exhibitions without the intervention of the State. Such an institution, under the name of "L'Académie Royale," was founded in the second half of the seventeenth century, and continued to exist for 140 years without receiving any aid from Government except the room necessary for its annual exhibitions. "During this long period no complaint, no demand for intervention," arose among the artists who composed it; but since the beginning of the present century, when the Government "mus par un sentiment généreux de protection" took the regulation of the "salon" into its own hands, endless complaints, both just and unjust, have been constantly made concerning the rules of admission, the prizes, and the system of recompenses. The State, M. de Chennevières points out, has been foolish in imposing its influence over such matters as these, and it would be wiser in future to leave the artists of France to govern their own concerns. A National Academy

composed of artists of every kind, painters, sculptors, architects, engravers, and lithographers, would be capable of undertaking such government, would regulate exhibitions, and would give satisfactory awards. More than 400 artists have already testified their adherence to such an institution, and M. de Chennevières proposes on the day after the opening of the salon, to again bring the projected plan of it before the minister, so that it may receive immediate attention from the President. "Libertas artibus restituta" was the motto of the old Royal Academy of France, and if M. de Chennevières' project is carried out, it will still be appropriate.

THE English and American Archæological Society of Rome, of which the leading spirit is Mr. Parker, and the principal aim to investigate and determine the age of walls and other examples of ancient construction, has lately attracted to its ranks Sir Gilbert Scott, from whom a contribution to the subject just mentioned is published in the *Swiss Times*, December 20, in the form of a letter supporting, among other views of Mr. Parker's, that on the antiquity of the wall discovered on the Palatine. The argument of Sir Gilbert is, that this wall is of the same construction as a wall which he observed at Tusculum; that the latter being obviously connected with a reservoir, vaulted over in the form of a pointed arch, must take its date from this arch, and that this date must be the same as that of the arch of the Treasury of Atreus, at Mycenæ, which there is no doubt belongs to a remote period of history. It would be a compliment to antiquaries when Sir Gilbert assumes a certain wall to have been built by Servius Tullius, because "all antiquaries call it by that name," were it not that names are often retained in archæology, as elsewhere, long after their meaning has evaporated. We do not suppose that his denunciation of the Roman authorities for their Vandalism in permitting so many important remains to be swept away to make room for a railway, will have any salutary effect, but it helps to soothe our irritation in the matter when we hear it soundly rated. The same paper contains a report of Mr. Parker's introductory lecture for the season at Rome, in which a characteristic feature is his endeavour to throw an air of reality over the tale of the she-wolf and the twins, by instances of children carried away in wicker baskets by floods, and of children being suckled by wolves. Under his fervid description the cave of the wolf, the Vallis Murcia, with its reedy cover for wolves, the inundation, and the hut of the shepherd Faustulus rise vividly before the imagination.

IN a letter to the *Times* of January 17, Mr. Charles L. Eastlake, Secretary of the Royal Institute of British Architects, makes what he justly terms a "melancholy announcement." On Wednesday next, the 28th inst., unless measures are at once taken to prevent it, the old building known as Ely Chapel or St. Etheldreda's Chapel, Holborn, will be sold by public auction, and either pulled down for building material, or utilised for commercial purposes as the advertisement suggests, in which case its crypt would afford "valuable cellarage." The chapel of St. Etheldreda, to whom Ely Cathedral is likewise dedicated, is the last remaining portion of the ancient "Ely place," or London palace of the bishops of Ely. It belongs to the early part of the fourteenth century, the noblest period of Gothic architecture, and Ely palace was of yet earlier origin, it having been built in consequence of a will made by John de Kirkeby, bishop of Ely, who died in 1290, and bequeathed to his successors a "messuage and nine cottages" situated in Holborn. William de Luda, his successor, added greatly to this property, and at his death in 1298, left twenty marks a year for the maintenance of "three chaplains to pray for his soul, and the souls of the future bishops of Ely for ever, in the chapel of St. Etheldreda," which must have been built at that time, though probably not as it now stands. (Did the Welsh

Episcopalians, who have for many years past used poor St. Etheldreda's chapel for their services, ever remember William de Luda's soul?)

The gardens of Ely Palace were famous for the production of early fruits and flowers. It was from these gardens that Richard III., at the impeachment of Lord Hastings, requested a dish of early strawberries from Morton, Bishop of Ely, who immediately despatched a servant to bring them. A neighbouring garden is now more famous for early strawberries, and dreary Ely Palace occupies the site of the bishop's ancient palace, but still the chapel attached to it remains. The auctioneers, Messrs. Fox & Bousfield, write that the freehold is private property, and being, as part of a larger estate, the subject of a suit in Chancery, the Court has decreed its sale. They add that "the value of the building for ecclesiastical objects (probably to the congregation now using it) is almost as great as the site would be for 'commercial utilisation.' There ought not, therefore, to be any difficulty in preserving a structure so renowned." We trust there will not be.

A COMIC piece by M. Sardou was produced at the Palais Royal Theatre a few days since. It is entitled *Le Magot*, and is of the usual order of Palais Royal pieces, except that it is not thought so laughable as most of them. Not only is it devoid of the *finesse* which was always found in M. Sardou's earlier and better work: it is devoid of that *note du vrai comique* which sounds through all the extravagances of many a Palais Royal performance. Its story is no more worth telling than is the story of the *Roi Carotte*, and we lament that a writer of M. Sardou's serious ability should do injury to his talent (not to speak of his reputation) by the production of such work. His name gives the work momentary importance, and attracts the attention of critics and the presence of audiences; but the audiences are not quite worthy of him, and the critics frankly declare that if the work were not M. Sardou's, they would dispose of it very briefly.

BERTON is dead. We spoke of him in our last as lost to the stage, and as seemingly very near his end. The end came on Sunday. To such particulars as we have already given, we need only add one or two. He was born in 1820; he was married in 1842 to Mlle. Caroline Samson, the daughter of the renowned comedian. Madame Berton distinguished herself as a writer; and it is in this path, as well as in his profession of acting, that their son's advance has been remarkable. Berton was held in great regard by those who knew him, and not a few Englishmen are numbered among these, for the actor made at least a couple of rather long visits to London: one, as we said last week, in order to play *Rabagas* at the St. James's, and the other a year or so before, when he was the guest of Mr. Fichter. He died, aged fifty-four, at Passy, on Jan. 18, 1874, and was buried two days afterwards in the cemetery of Montmartre.

M. OCTAVE FEUILLET has just read a comedy to the company of the Théâtre Français. Two of the principal parts will be played by Bressant and Mlle. Croizette.

A LETTER from Bordeaux tells us that the seemingly immortal Mlle. Déjazet remains upon the stage after a hundred or so farewells. In that city she has just been amusing the great grandchildren of the people she amused in her youth.

M. DUMAS's *Monsieur Alphonse* has got into the French provinces. When we hear of its performance at Etampes and Blois, we may be sure of its production at Marseilles and Lyons.

MISS LITTON, who has been unwell and absent from the theatre, has this week taken her place again, at the Court, in the comedy of *Alone*.

THE little Charing Cross Theatre closes tonight.

THERE was a rumour, a little while ago, that Mr. Bateman intended to have performances of Shakespeare at the Lyceum. The project is not officially announced, and may have been abandoned. But we understand that Mr. Henry Irving does hope, sooner or later, to act Hamlet.

In the temporary absence of the lady hitherto charged with the representation of the Countess, Almaviva's wife, in *The School for Intrigue* at the Olympic, that character has been played for the last week or two by Miss Marion Terry. For a young actress the part is a difficult one, especially in the first act, where there is so much to look and so little to say. It is here that we like Miss Terry least. In the second act her performance is still unequal, but the level generally reached is higher than in the first. In the third act she leaves little to be desired, for here there is less demand upon the resources which can only be present along with experience and vigour. The Countess's naive enjoyment of the harmless intrigue in the garden is pleasantly and gracefully shown. Miss Terry's whole performance, as may be imagined, evinces more of intelligence and of sensitiveness than of power. We are not of those who believe that the character needs to be represented as quite the dignified personage she is often assumed to be, for the Countess of the play in question was only three years ago the Rosina of *The Barber of Seville*, and it is too much to expect that in three years a character shall be wholly changed. In this respect, then, Miss Terry's Countess, though uncommon, is not, as we conceive it, at all incorrect. Still, a certain weight and importance may be wanting to her performance, especially, perhaps, when it is seen in juxtaposition with the Suzanne of Miss Fowler. To sum up briefly. Miss Terry's acting of her first prominent part is noteworthy, not only, as we have said already, for intelligence and sensitiveness, but also for the complete and uncommon absence of any tendency to exaggeration.

ANOTHER change of programme is announced for Monday at the Holborn Theatre, when *Le Démon du Jeu* will be produced.

THE little Théâtre de Cluny has got a new manager. The play-house, though small, and situated far from the "great world" of Paris, has been rather a famous one ever since Cadol's best play—*Les Inutiles*—was acted on its boards.

THE fates seem decidedly adverse to the production of *Lohengrin*, announced in the last number of the ACADEMY.

It is with much regret that we have to announce the death of Madame Parepa-Rosa, which occurred on Thursday morning last. In consequence of this melancholy event, the series of operatic performances at Drury Lane Theatre by Mr. Carl Rosa's company, mentioned in our last week's issue, will not take place as intended.

THE fourth of Mr. Ridley Prentice's excellent Monthly Popular Concerts at Brixton, took place last Tuesday. According to Mr. Prentice's usual plan, a novelty was introduced into the programme, the work selected on this occasion being Mr. E. Prout's recently published *Concertante Duet* for piano and harmonium, which was played, for the first time in public, by Mr. Prentice and the composer. The other artists engaged were Madame Rebecca Jewell, Mrs. Hale, and Signor Piatti. The whole performance was an exceedingly good one, though less well attended than it deserved.

THE *Cologne Gazette* speaks with enthusiasm of the success with which Herr Hiller has inaugurated at Cologne the first public performance of the Bach-Verein, which, under his leadership, has for some time been studying the works of the older classical composers of Germany and Italy. In addition to the chorus performances—which include, amongst many other gems, Palestrina's admirable but not generally well-known quintett, "Cogitavit Dominus," Felice Anerio's more ani-

mated "Libera Nos," and several splendidly-given chorales from the old German masters Eccard and Michael Praetorius—Herr Hiller and Fräulein Lehmann gave several solos, chiefly from Handel, with a finished excellence worthy of their reputation.

THE committee for the next musical festival, says the *Cologne Gazette*, has already been formed, and the programme fixed for the three concerts to be held. Dr. Ferd. Hiller has undertaken the direction. The programme for the first day consists of Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony* and Handel's *Samson*. On the second day, Hiller's *Zerstörung Jerusalems* and Brahms' *Triumphlied* will be performed. The concert of the third day includes, amongst other pieces, the overture to Schumann's *Genoveva*, and a concerto for violin, which will be rendered by Joachim.

POSTSCRIPT.

MR. W. J. CRAIG of Trinity College, Dublin, is preparing an edition of Shakespeare's *Cymbeline*.

WE learn from Berlin the death of a veteran scholar, poet, and politician, A. H. Hoffmann. He was born at Fallersleben in 1798, and, in order to distinguish himself from the numerous Hoffmanns, and also as a kind of *persiflage* on the foolish use of *Von* by the German nobility, he called himself, and will go down to posterity as, Hoffmann von Fallersleben. He was a contemporary and friend of the Brothers Grimm, and one of the first to cultivate a scientific study of the German language and literature. He was librarian, afterwards Professor, at Breslau, but was deprived of his professorship in 1842, on account of his poems, *Unpolitische Lieder*. He then travelled about from place to place, well received by the people wherever he went, but generally after a time advised to leave by the police. In 1854 he settled at Weimar; in 1860 the Duke of Ratibor gave him a resting-place in his castle on the banks of the Weser, where he had the management of the Ducal library. His most important works were the *Horae Belgicae*, 1830; the *Fundgruben für Geschichte Deutscher Sprache*, 1830; *Geschichte der Deutschen Kirchenlieder bis auf Luther*, 1832; *Reineke Vos*, 1834; *Monumenta Elnonensia*, which contained the *editio princeps* of the oldest French poem, the "Song of St. Eulalia," 1837; and *Theophilus*, 1853. He was a great collector of old popular songs, and a constant digger in libraries. His own poems are numerous, and chiefly political; but the best are his lyric poems, some of which have become national property.

A CORRESPONDENT in the *Times* writes:

"The present position of the University of Athens is not so well known in Western Europe as it deserves to be. Although the University is not more than thirty years old, it possesses more than 1,200 students, who are gratuitously provided with education of a high standard in theology, law, medicine, and philosophy. Many of the *alumni*, when they have completed their University course, go to Turkey, Egypt, and Asia Minor, and there propagate the learning which they have acquired in Athens. Thus the city is once more resuming the character which she possessed before Justinian finally closed the 'Schools of Athens.' It is the centre of Oriental intelligence and culture. The University possesses a well-arranged library of nearly 200,000 volumes. It is, however, poorly supplied with English books. I would venture to suggest to Philhellenes that it would be a graceful and becoming act on the part of those interested in the progress of learning, if we were to supply this deficiency by presenting to the University a good collection of standard English works. When I remember how readily this country came forward with its supplies of books for the libraries of Strasburg and Chicago, I cannot think that the same spirit will be now found wanting. No one needs to be reminded of the extent to which the world of letters is indebted to Attic culture; and we should surely recognise the great spirit of Renaissance in a country which, with a population of a million and a half, causes a large University to flourish in a city which numbers no more than 50,000 inhabitants."